DISTINGUISHED WOMEN. IV.—MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

"Viyella" (Regd.)
Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR
"AZA" (Regd.)
"Clydella" (Regd.)
Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade Only), 24-26, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

LIBRARY OCT UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

2/- Net MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER 1920

Poetry	Gerald Gould
	Nancy Fairbairn
	Geoffrey Dearmer
	Ivan Alan Seymour
	Ernest Alcock
	Edward Storer
"In Homes Unblest"	Max Beerbohm
Thus to Revisit...(iii)	Ford Madox Hueffer
When the Earth Stopped	Stacy Aumonier
British Snipers (i)	Major E. Penberthy
Heroes While you Wait	Richard Whiteing
Karl Marx and Revolution	C. Delisle Burns
The Case of Mr. H. A. Barker	Rev. J. L. Walton, M.A.
Letters: Posted and Unposted	Constance Malleson
Labour's "Grand Remonstrance"	Austin Harrison
The Taint in Literature	Thomas Moult
Books	
Allah is Great!	S.O.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: 24/-
HALF-YEARLY " 12/-
POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

All rights reserved

19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON

Incorporated A.D. 1720. BICENTENARY A.D. 1920.
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE
FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENT AND GENERAL INSURANCES.
Full Prospectus on application to the Secretary.
Head Office - - ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C. 3

Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW BOOKS

REMINISCENCES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By Professor J. JOLY, Sc.D., F.R.S. Author of "The Birth-Time of the World," etc. With 8 Pages of Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth. 15s. net.

This volume contains essays on the following: Perpetual Motion, On a Cruise of Inspection of Irish Lighthouses, A British Educational Expedition to America, A Visit to the Foze Rocks, International Education, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, The Origin of the Submarine, In Trinity College During the Sinn Fein Rebellion.

THE GLAMOUR OF PROSPECTING. By F. C. CORNELL.

With 24 pages of Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth. 21s. net.

An account of various prospecting trips to Namaqualand, Bushmanland, the Southern Kalahari Desert, Mozambique, and elsewhere in Africa in pursuit of copper, gold, diamonds, and emeralds. The author had astonishing adventures and went through the most incredible hardships among waterless deserts, rocky wildernesses, and unexplored mountains.

SPIRITUALISM: Its Present Day Meaning.

A symposium. Edited by HUNTLY CARTER. Cloth, 18s. net.

Among the contributors to this volume are Sir Francis Younghusband, Father Bernard Vaughan, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, George Russell (Æ), A. P. Sinnett, Cloudesley Brereton, M.F., Prof. J. Stuart Mackenzie, J. D. Beresford, Prof. Henri Bergson, Sir William Barrett, F.R.S., and the Rt. Hon. Viscount Gladstone.

MOUNTAINEERING ART. By HAROLD RAEBURN.

Illustrated. Cloth. 16s. net.

A complete exposition of the art of climbing and mountaineering. Climbing in all its forms is dealt with, and no book on the art with so comprehensive an aim has been issued for years.

FINDING A WAY OUT. An Autobiography. By ROBERT RUSSA MOTON.

Cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

Russa Moton is one of the most distinguished negroes in the U.S.A. and the successor to Booker Washington. His autobiography is a work of remarkable interest.

THE OUTDOOR BOTANIST: A Simple Manual for the Study of British Plants in the Field. By A. R. HORWOOD, F.L.S., etc., City of Leicester Museum and Art Gallery.

Author of "British Wild Flowers in their Natural Haunts," etc., etc. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth. 18s. net. (Send for Prospectus.)

SPANISH AMERICA: Its Romance, Reality and Future. By C. R. ENOCK.

Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," etc. Illustrated and with Map. 2 vols. Demy 8vo, cloth. 30s. net.

The work is topographical, descriptive, and historical; it describes the people and the cities, the flora and fauna, the varied resources of South America, its trade, railways, its characteristics generally, and suggests the possible future of this vast and as yet, it may be almost said, unexplored region with its infinitude of opportunities for enterprise.

Send for Mr. Fisher Unwin's Autumn Announcement List.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LTD., ADELPHI TERRACE, LONDON, W.C.2.

EARLY AUTUMN

TWEED SUITS

Designed on most practical lines and made in best quality materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence These suits are perfectly cut and tailored, and are especially suitable for country, sports and seaside wear.

TAILOR SUIT in good quality novelty tweeds, coat cut on plain, tailor-made lines, with belt and deep pockets made of the same material worked on the cross, plain, well-cut, ample skirt.

Price $7\frac{1}{2}$ *Gns.*

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

The Cult of Colour

¶ The cult of coloured furniture is one of those modern movements that tend to beautify the interior decoration of the home. There is no reason why furniture should not enter into the harmony of an interior colour scheme. In the bedroom, the dressing-table or the washstand showing a touch of colour has very often the effect of brightening up the whole aspect of the room. Where an interior is appointed throughout in decorated furniture the result is a pleasing environment of stimulant shades.

An excellent idea of the effects obtained in a happy choice of colouring is afforded by the exhibition now being held by Messrs. Heal and Son, at the Mansard Gallery, Tottenham Court Road, where furnishings for all sorts of interiors are shown.

The special advantages of painted furniture are the almost unlimited variety of effect obtainable, the durability of pigment which is unimpaired by washing, and the opportunity it affords of making our merest humdrum necessities an active pleasure to the eye.

Ex-Service Men

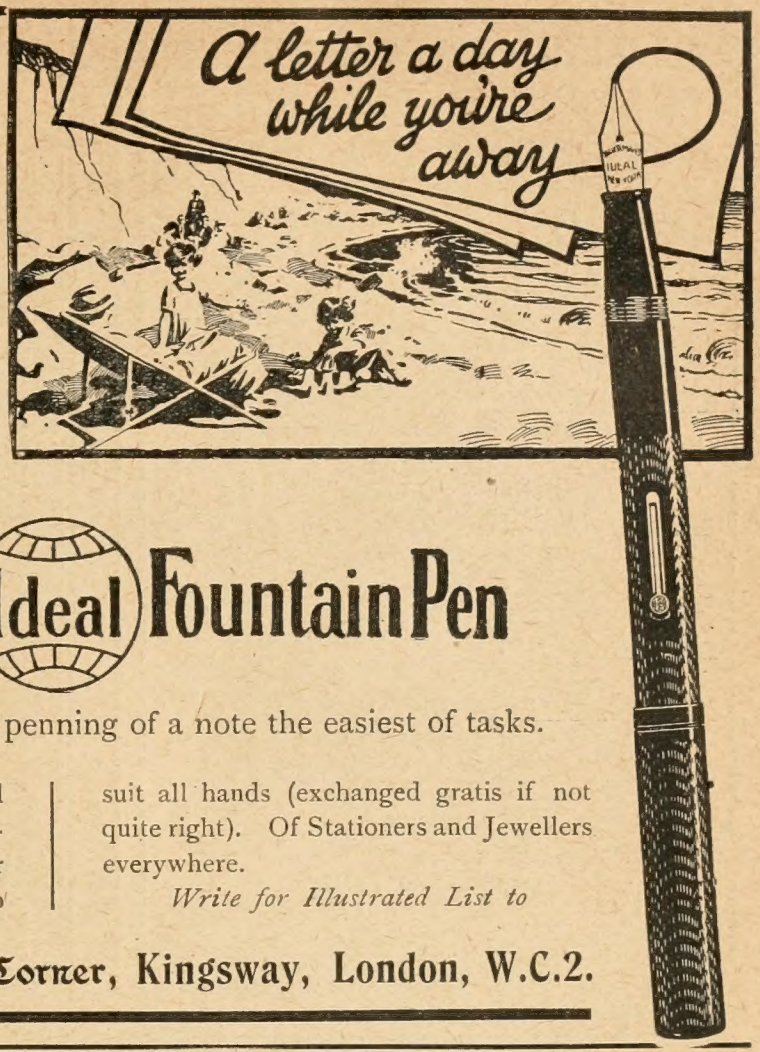
¶ Now that the war is over, one is liable to forget what Jack and Tommy did for us during those five terrible years of strain. We find ourselves back again to pre-war peacefulness, with the exception of the high cost of living, and somehow we don't think what is happening to those men who have come out to all intents and purposes safe and sound, but in reality are suffering from shell-shock, gas, and other diseases brought on through the life in the trenches. The Veterans' Association is endeavouring to raise a fund which is to be called the Imperial Memorial Fund, in order to build a large club with, if possible, 1,000 bedrooms, where these men can get sleeping accommodation and food at reasonable prices. In this club there will also be an employment agency, an information bureau, and a small ward where any cases can be attended. In the provincial towns in England they hope to be able to establish convalescent homes where the shell-shocked and gas cases can be looked after without any expense to the patient. There is a club at the present time at 2 Hand Court, Holborn, with twenty-three beds and a membership of 1,700 to 2,000. The members pay an annual subscription of 5*s.*, which, it can easily be understood, does not make the club self-supporting, and this subscription entitles them to the services of a free doctor, dentist, and lawyer, besides the usual club facilities. Those who have been saved from Prussian rule are asked to help the Association to carry on the good work they have started. All donations and inquiries should be addressed to The Secretary, 47 Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

A Favourite Pen

¶ The day has come when all but back numbers realise that the personal pen is a need of civilisation; but it is of real importance that the gift of a pen should be made a really serious question, and that its qualities of structure and material and its ease of function should be considered. To-day, when there are so many cheap pens in the market, one sometimes feels inclined to ask what one pays for in giving a price like 12*s.* 6*d.* or more. The answer is that one pays for perfection—first-rate design, workmanship, and the best materials, and these are combined in the "Ideal," worthy of its name, the Waterman Pen.

Every Waterman's Ideal is guaranteed and obtainable from jewellers and stationers everywhere.

THE letter may be a picture postcard, with just a few words of greeting, or it may be a long epistle, describing in detail the doings of the day. Whatever it is, how much better to write it under ideal holiday conditions—that is, out of doors with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.



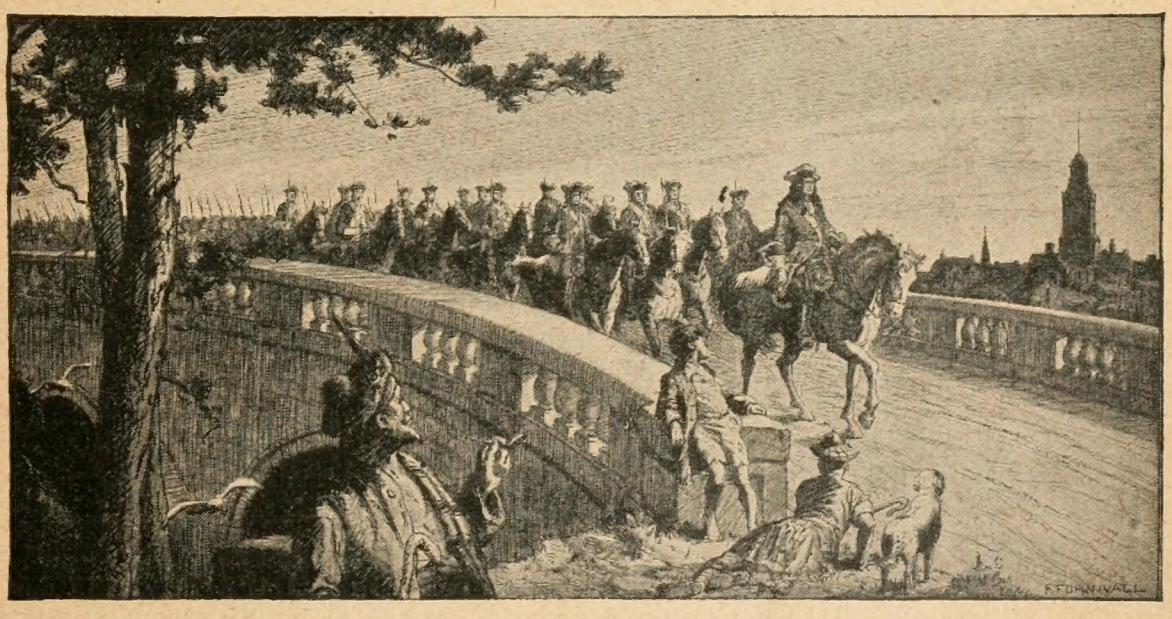
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Makes writing a pleasure, the penning of a note the easiest of tasks.

Three types: "Self-Filling" and "Safety," **17/6** and upwards; "Regular," **12/6** and upwards. In Silver and Gold for presentation. Nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not quite right). Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

Write for Illustrated List to

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



WHILE General Wade was in the Highlands reporting on the best means of promoting peace and welfare in that part of Scotland, he was summoned to Glasgow to quell the riots which had broken out over the Malt Tax. Incidentally this tax, by increasing the price of ale, had the effect of increasing the consumption of whisky, which before was little used.

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,

Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"** *High-Class Virginian Cigarettes.*

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 1/- oz.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

S.357

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS

"Nothing better could be wished for."—*British Weekly.*
"Far superior to ordinary guides."—*Daily Chronicle.*

VISITORS TO LONDON (& RESIDENTS) SHOULD USE

DARLINGTON'S

LONDON & ENVIRONS.

By E. C. COOK and Sir ED. T. COOK.
6th Edition Revised, 10/-
30 Maps and Plans. 100 Illustrations.

"Very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic.*
"A brilliant book."—*Times.*
"Particularly good."—*Academy.*
"Best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 6/-
PARIS, LYONS, and the RIVIERA.

60 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 7/6
NORTH WALES.

100 Illustrations, Maps, and Plans, 7/6
DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 3/6.
NORTH DEVON & NORTH CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 3/6.
SOUTH DEVON & SOUTH CORNWALL.

2/- THE MOTOR-CAR ROAD BOOK and Hotels of the World.

Complete List Post Free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.
Llangollen: DARLINGTON & CO. London: SIMPKIN'S.
New York and Paris: BRENTANO'S.
RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Beautiful Photographs of Scenery, Ruins, etc., in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, also the English Lakes and North Wales, 1/-, 1/6, 2/- List post free.

DARLINGTON & CO., Llangollen.

Bermaline

A Midlands reformer, eager for a really healthy life, made an experiment. For a fortnight before Christmas he lived entirely on white bread, taking no other food at all. Result, various ills, serious loss in weight, feelings of intense cold, great weakness. A month later (after reverting to normal condition) he experimented with brown bread. Result, increase of weight, feelings of comfort, normal strength the whole time. Bermaline is always best brown bread.

SAMPLE LOAF FREE, from Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow.

TATCHO
The HAIR GROWER

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

"Look at my hair now!"

The very name of Tatcho inspires confidence. As Mr. Geo. R. Sims, the author, dramatist and philanthropist, said to the editor of the *Daily Mail*, "Look at my hair now, look at the colour. Isn't that convincing evidence of the value of Tatcho. Ladies confirm my good opinion of it."

From Chemists and Stores everywhere at 1/3, 2/9 and 4/6.

MR. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourn*

BUSINESS IS HUMAN.

There is nothing very remarkable about the wonderful progress of "IMPRESSIONS" during recent months. Every man and woman engaged in business is occupied with the problem of "find the way out." Facts and figures and comparative statistics have their place in the solution, but we also want that vital human spark called "IMPRESSIONS." There is no known fact which cannot in argument be proved a lie, no figure or set of statistics which, according to the point of view, is demonstrably wrong. All that matters is the man himself. Given the right attitude of mind, this country can work wonders in commerce—without it we are doomed. For figures of finance, for records of export and import, for technicalities of organisation there are many admirable publications. "IMPRESSIONS" devotes itself to FOLKS, and is therefore the most interesting business magazine in the world.

Subscription Price 10/- a year. *Sample copy for six penny stamps.*

IMPRESSIONS,

36 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

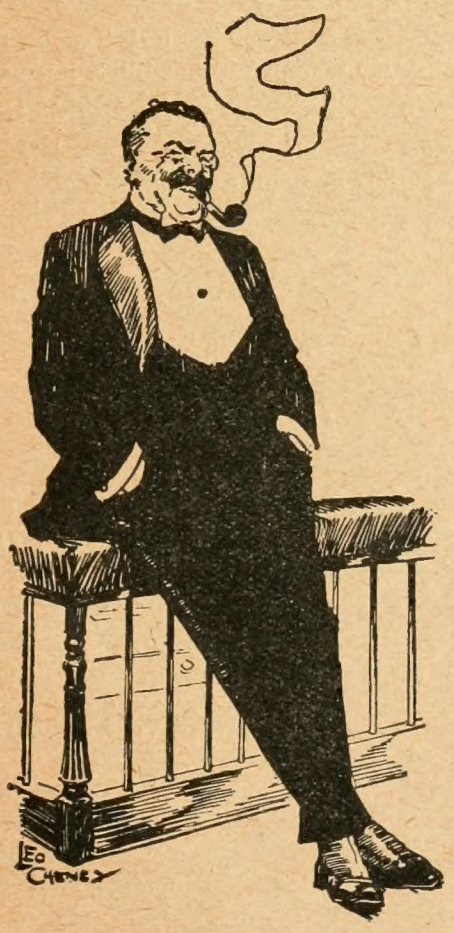
There are qualities in

Chairman

that make it as nearly perfect a tobacco as is possible, and a sure source of pleasure with every pipe.

—about six hours to every ounce.

Fragrant — cool — clean.



Boardman's is the same tobacco but milder, and Recorder the same but fuller flavoured.

In 1 and 2 oz. lead packets and 4, 8 and 16 oz. tins at 1/1 per oz. from all tobacconists.

R. J. Lea, Ltd., Manchester.

℗ 20251

CHIFFON VELVET TEAFROCKS

There is every reason to believe that Chiffon Velvet will be very scarce during the coming winter, so much so that manufacturers are now rationing supplies to their customers. We were fortunately able to buy a large stock of this fashionable fabric last spring at prices much below present day values. This advantage we propose to give to our customers, and we have now in stock a large number of most attractive Chiffon Velvet Tea Frocks, all of which are moderately priced.

"Portia." — Classical Teagown in rich chiffon velveteen to slip over the head without any fastening, and caught into the waist with self sash, neck trimmed real fur. In a large variety of colours and black.

Special Price

7½ Gns.

In chiffon velvet,

10½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

DEBENHAMS LIMITED

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

There is an important advantage in the special cut of Three Nuns Tobacco; the mixture is perfectly proportioned in every pipeful. Thus you enjoy the fine, mild flavour to the utmost.

KING'S HEAD

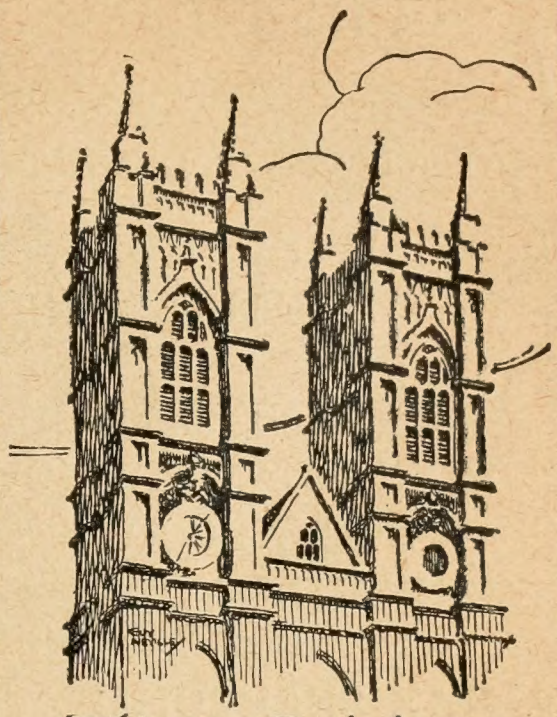
—a stronger blend.

Both are sold everywhere at the same price
1-oz. packets 1/2 Tins: 2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8

"Three Nuns" Cigarettes

In	10's	20's	50's	100's
Medium	6d	1/-	2/5	4/8
Hand-made	8d	1/4	3/4	6/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., 36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow (676)



The Abbey Appeal

WHO is to blame for the damage to what the Dean of Westminster describes as

"The most beloved sacred building in the Empire"?

Read what a Departmental Committee has just said on the subject of deterioration:

> "The damage is entirely due to the sulphurous and sulphuric acids contained in the products of combustion."

This is a matter of public concern.

Pamphlets on the question, written by scientific authorities, will be forwarded on application to the address below

BCGA

THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION

47 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*1

114

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

CONTENTS OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FORTY-SECOND NUMBER

		PAGE
1. GERALD GOULD	The Question	193
NANCY FAIRBAIRN	And if the End be Now—?	195
GEOFFREY DEARMER	Dream	197
IVAN ALAN SEYMOUR	Labour Done	198
ERNEST ALCOCK	Youth	198
EDWARD STORER	Invocation to the Spring	199
2. MAX BEERBOHM	"In Homes Unblest"	204
3. FORD MADOX HUEFFER	Thus to Revisit...(iii)	209
4. STACY AUMONIER	When the Earth Stopped	218

[*Contents continued on page* x.

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE"

CIGARETTES

(MEDIUM STRENGTH) PURE VIRGINIA TOBACCO

10 *for* 5½d 50 *for* 2/3

SMOKING MIXTURE

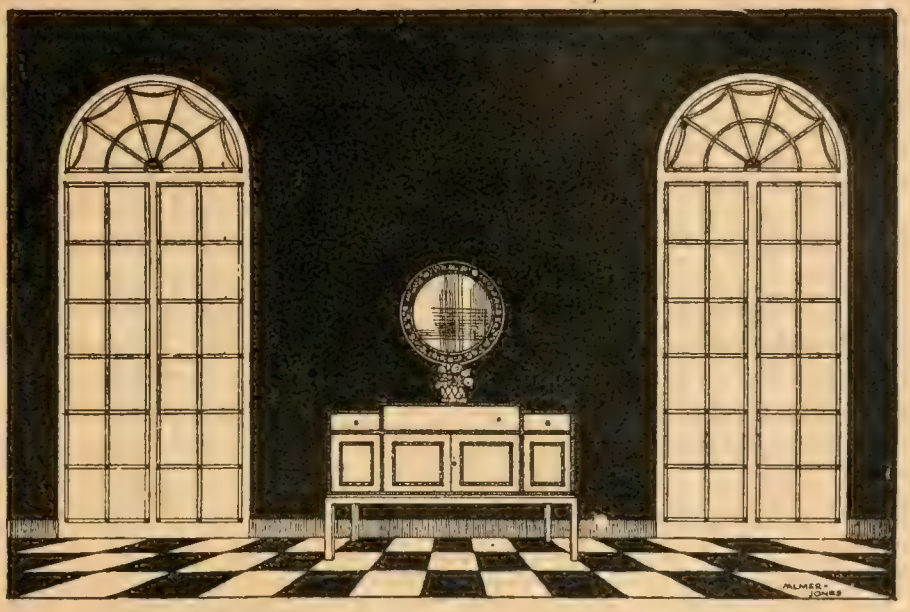
IN TWO STRENGTHS MILD & MEDIUM

1/- per ounce 4/- per ¼ lb.

P862

JOHN PLAYER & SONS. *Nottingham.*

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.



DISCRETION

THE greatly increased cost of furniture should make everyone expend more care in the selection and arrangement of what is distinguished and will bear living with, as against what is merely modish or eccentric or pretentious. Scrutiny should be severe, high quality rigorously demanded. The most exacting standard will be found at

Heal & Son Ltd

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD W

CONTENTS (*continued*)

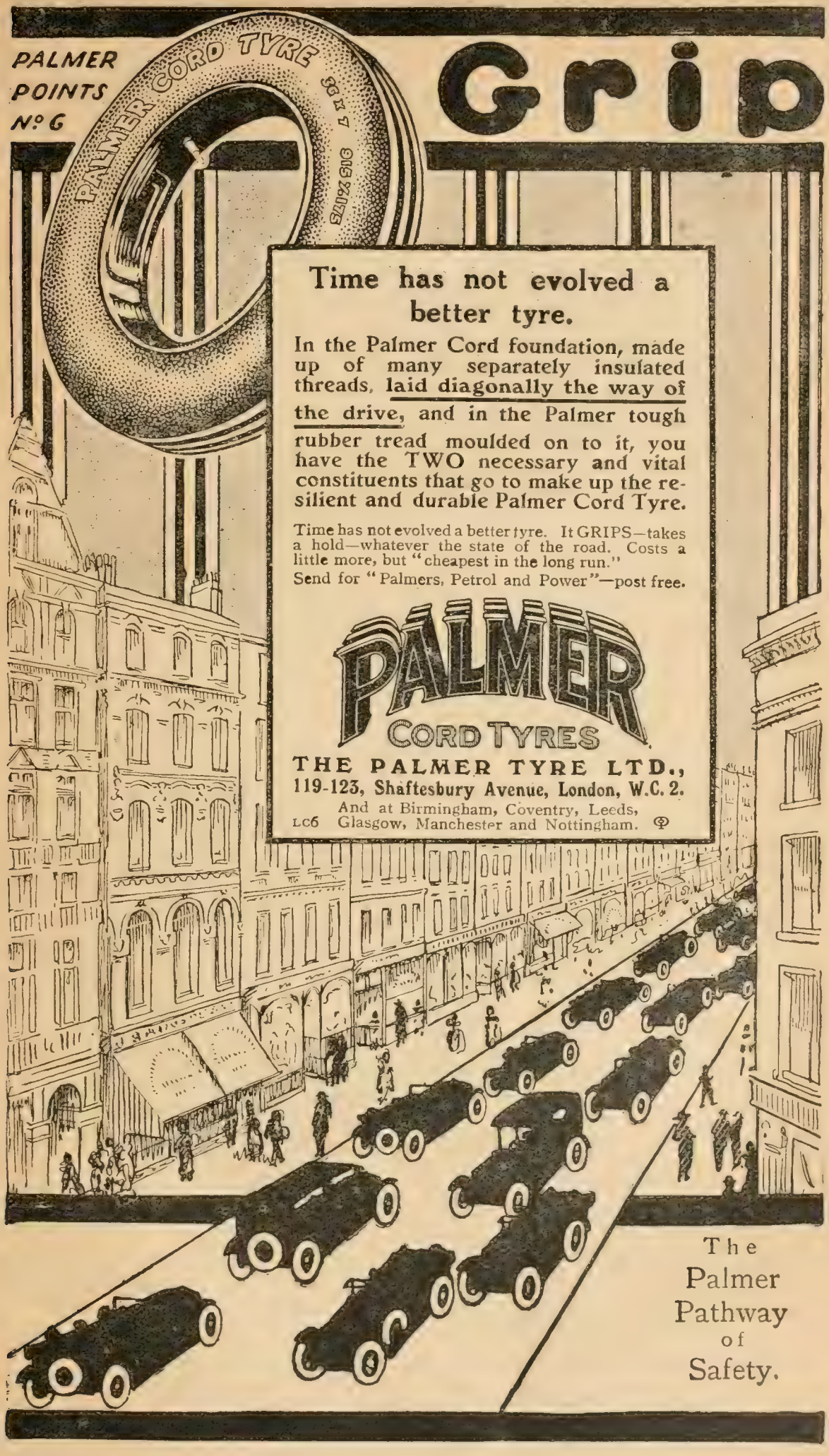
			PAGE
5.	MAJOR E. PENBERTHY	British Snipers (i)	234
6.	RICHARD WHITEING	Heroes While You Wait	240
7.	C. DELISLE BURNS	Karl Marx and Revolution	244
8.	Rev. J. L. WALTON, M.A.	The Case of Mr. H. A. Barker	254
9.	CONSTANCE MALLESON	Letters: Posted and Unposted	261
10.	AUSTIN HARRISON	Labour's "Grand Remonstrance"	267
11.	THOMAS MOULT	The Taint in Literature	278
12.		Books	282
13.	S.O.	Allah is Great!	286

THE fine cigarette is the product of the blender's skill working on the leaf selected by him from the picked crop. Neither alone suffices. And taste is the test.
High skill in blending is a very rare gift. The blender bewails a certain modern carelessness in choice, an uncritical acceptance of crude quality. He challenges from true connoisseurs the most exacting test-by-taste of

MATINÉE
Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by ALLAN RAMSAY

197 Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.


PALMER
POINTS
No. 6
PALMER CORD TYRE
Grip
Time has not evolved a better tyre.
In the Palmer Cord foundation, made up of many separately insulated threads, laid diagonally the way of the drive, and in the Palmer tough rubber tread moulded on to it, you have the TWO necessary and vital constituents that go to make up the resilient and durable Palmer Cord Tyre.
Time has not evolved a better tyre. It GRIPS—takes a hold—whatever the state of the road. Costs a little more, but "cheapest in the long run."
Send for "Palmers, Petrol and Power"—post free.
PALMER
CORD TYRES
THE PALMER TYRE LTD.,
119-123, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.
And at Birmingham, Coventry, Leeds,
LC6 Glasgow, Manchester and Nottingham.
The Palmer Pathway of Safety.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.

A LETTER TO A SNOB

By H. Dennis Bradley

"Cupid in the Ascendant."

(The outstanding menace to the prosperity of the future is the power of the Snobureaucrat, that sinister product of war whose power and influence increase hourly, and at whose mercy lies the Trade of the country. Ignorant, self-satisfied, saturated with class hatred, glorying in his contempt for the mere commercial, the Snobureaucrat, as his name implies, combines the harmless, if irritating, vices of the Snob, with the active power of evil of the bureaucrat.—My apologies are due to the ghost of Thackeray.)

SIR,—Fortune makes you a present of a comfortable salary and a position of power. The ineffable wisdom of our rulers has placed you as controller and legislator over me. This position our admirable rulers pronounce to be your due, without count of your duiness, your ignorance, your incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous idiocy as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck you possess, or have any inclination to part with it.

You toil not, neither do you spin, but, socially, you are "one of us," and, bred to regard trade as a necessary evil, you seek to diminish the evil as much as is within your power. And you are succeeding.

But the national mind is awakened to the subject of snobureaucrats.

A snobureaucratic caste is in process of formation—the "Vulgar Producer," the "Coarse Commercial," is alive to the danger. He does not view without alarm the prospect of your eldest son, Fitz Heehaw, succeeding as of right to a place in your Bureau, or of your younger sons, the De Brays, assuming the power to control the commerce of the country.

To you the "Vulgar Producer," the "Coarse Commercial"—who, by the way, furnishes that salary which at least you do not despise—says: "I can't help seeing, Snobureaucrat, that I am as good as you. I can spell even better, I can think quite as rightly, my foresight and business instincts are infinitely better than yours, and of far greater value to the country. I decline any longer to wait in your outward rooms, to be repulsed from your doors, to be patronised, despised, cold-shouldered, and fleeced by a Non-Producer. Your social sycophants may do it, but you give them value and they consider themselves paid.

I am sick of Snobureaucracy. I loathe your patronising interference. I despise your ill-concealed contempt, and such words as Bureau, Department, Control, ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A system that sends men of business genius to the second table I hold to be a Snobureaucratic one. A caste that sets up to rule Business and secretly sneers at "Trade" I hold to be a Snobureaucratic caste.

To laugh at such as you is not enough. You must be exterminated, for you have power, and therefore you are a danger to the national welfare.

Your disobedient servant,

* * * * * *

Until we have exterminated the spendthrift Bureaucracy it will be impossible to reduce the cost of necessities.

Lounge Suits from £12 12s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1920

The Question

By Gerald Gould

I ASKED too much of love.
How should that be?
Is any largeness set above
That one infinity?
What should be richer, whether in day or dark,
Than that full circle of returning things?
Lo, what a bubbling music lifts the wings
Of the delighted lark,
Through clearest air, immaculable blue,
To the full height and absolute of you!
The range of various and contentious seas,
Have you not ringed and known the whole of these?
What is there left, or what can life devise,
That is not love's abundant enterprise?
The wail and heartbreak of the violin,
The round content of oboe and of flute,
The sharp sweet throbbing of the harp, the din
And jargon of the triangle and bells,
The boastful brass that pants and swells,
And the clear wood whose voice is fine and thin:
The faint
Stab of the muted strings, and the complaint
Of the hoarse 'cello, and the thrum
Of the vociferous and intolerant drum:
The haze and shimmer of according notes,
The crossed and lifted swords of music's fire,

That smite the earth into a living choir,
And call forth singing from immortal throats:
These to one bosom Love can gather in,
These to a single song can Love transmute,
Giver and guide and gatherer of dreams
That in their scattering and return are free,
Ev'n as the whole wild pattern of earth's streams
Has birth and end and meaning in one sea!
Why, go to love and ask it for the worth
Of liberal Heaven and grateful earth,
The seed, the soil, the flower the corn,
Beauty eternally re-born!—
And love will give, and never miss the gift.
When the young love is breaking into flower,
And stands upon the border of her hour,
Alert, and sweet, and swift,
How different does she show
From all the flowers that ever bloomed in time!
This separate sovereign loveliness can rhyme
Only with its own moment. What's to know,
To gather from that shy and trustful pride?
Or what has innocence to hide?
Then go—
Go to her, brave her, ask! Be sure
She is as kind as she is pure:
She slept, and wakes, and tries to keep
The hush and flame of sleep.
Go to her!—Nay:
She falters, ruddy with amaze,
A dryad half awake,
With wonder wid'ning in her gaze
Like ripples on a lake,
And, asking, you may hurt her. Come away,
While there is time, while all is yet to say,
Nor tempt the moment. Love, you know, is strange:
Men call love changeless, but the world will change.
I asked too much of love, I know not how:
Her eyes laughed at me under a clear brow,
And then one day nothing was as before.
Through the still hours—O debt no love can pay!—
My love lay quiet till the end of day,
And then rose up, and went, and came no more.

And if the End be Now—?

By Nancy Fairbairn

The rooms are empty and the streets are bare,
No lovers meet at midnight under stars,
And the past pleasures of congenial hours
Forgotten lie; yet now these flowers that fade
Once dressed the gardens with a gay delight—
Ah, patiently we must grow friends with grey,
Put out of mind the colour of the flame
And the triumphant songs of inspiration,
Obliterate adventure, memory.
The silence of desertion has begun,
And the slow madness of annihilation—
Think you we can be friends with nothingness
And make a song out of an empty hour?
Somewhere the world has changed, the sun slipped round
To lands antipodean, leaving us
Like wandering dreamers in long corridors
That may not be got through, a circular maze
That guards the promised place of Never-More;
Alone, alone we wander with our dream.
Ah, I have felt remote before to-night,
As if some word had drifted down from God
To warn my soul of the eventual end,
And the completed solitude to be;
I have felt married with eternity,
Already bade farewell to things and days,
And seen their transmutation into ghosts
That gravely intimate the parting sign—
And if the end be now, have I known all?
Let us examine conscience hieroglyph—
The adolescent love of mysticism,
Followed by bitter sceptic pride and scorn
Of what life seemed to give, gave into hands
Too frail to hold, looked into eyes too veiled
With youthful sorrows to let comfort in—

And there was independence, solemnly
Scheming to build the tower impregnable
That should throw shadow over half the earth—
And Fortitude and Courage; like wild steeds
They raved and never could be brought to rein,
And so made havoc, vainly wasting strength
Till their nobility was lost indeed—
Love came along, and seemed the conqueror
That should set right the world, proclaiming justice
With many promises of inspiration
And a high creed of generosity.
(Of all religious Love the proudest is
And will not be gainsaid, but though eternal
By its own flame it fades, consuming us.)
There have been other martyrs on this wheel
That turns to-day before me—Introspection,
And that fanatic, Self-Analysis,
With soul archaic as the early saint
That knelt with grace to clasp the Cross and Death—
But oh, my saint dies not, and glories still
Turning the knife each day in painful wounds
With self-infliction waxing ever deeper.
Yet there are moods when I can plumb the world
And seem to tell the purpose of the stars,
Grasp at the palm of Fate, transcending earth——
(This is the tranquil mood of certainty
That lies above us as the distant sunset.)

* * * * * *

After the beat of Sorrow's passionate hands
Came Melancholy with a gesture calm,
And in her motion was the breath of sleep
And musing poetry, to soothe despair;
And here time seemed to turn a gentle hermit
Putting aside the weary web of stress,
Dipping into old scores of history
And scientific patient propositions,
Akin with Nature, merging into autumn
With a long pause as if eternal. Then
The human world obtrudes, the daily tides
Of feverish events surge up again
And to a further controversy beckon.

* * * * * *

My hands are empty now, my heart as void
Of all emotions as a timeless dawn
When the last stars are lost, before some day
Has made complete actuality of hours—
Now close the doors, and let the pulse of earth
Slip unperceived to final quietude;
For life has taken much in giving much,
In that shall lie the balance of the end.

1919.

Dream

By Geoffrey Dearmer

The fettering world is failing fast
  And free at last I see
All fame and fortune flitting past
  Too fast, too fast, for me.
I follow but a glint, a gleam,
  A gleam of eyes, of floating hair;
Lure me, O dimly-featured Dream,
  To thy lone, drowsy lair!

O Dream, elusive love long-sought,
Though dimly wrought with shadowy thought,
Thou layest bare
Life's miracle, Life's flower,
With death-defying power.
In thy dim mirror men discern
What day denies, and learn
To love thy lesser light with eyes
But lately open, weak yet wise;
With eyes that burn
With a strange, sure surmise.

Labour Done

By Ivan Alan Seymour

FLING back the portals of this House of Moil,
And let me leap athwart the evening sun!
At last all things I had to do are done,
And I am free from labour and from toil.
Fling wide, therefore, the gates; let me o'erstride
The shadows length'ning on the tree-fringed lane;
And let me catch the freedom-prompted strain
Of sparrow-chatter, ere the light has died.
No more the fetid workshop hems me in;
No more the hammers' cruel javelin
Of noise must pierce mine ears; all that is past
Since I am free, to leap and laugh, at last.
Ah, see; the colours in the West are gay—
They mark the passing of another day . . . .

Youth

By Ernest Alcock

O BEAUTEOUS Earth, thy glories fade away,
Thy music as it lives is quickly sped;
Thy splendid days, how swiftly they are fled,
Thy nights how slowly glimmer into day!
Thus too is Youth; so swift he cannot stay,
Supreme and strong; the tear that he may shed,
Like dew at dawn, long ere the sunset red
Burns in the west—has vanished on its way.

Ev'n as Youth groweth swift is he consumed—
For in the sunbeam lingers no decay.
A while he flourisheth, his days a span
Of flame by which the dark ways are illumed.
Too soon 'tis spent: his spirit is Youth's to-day,
To-morrow it sustains the moulded man.

Invocation to the Spring

By Edward Storer

Lift up your eyes from sleep,
Spring, and let stir
from your cool lips an air
subtler than any zephyr;

Too long has winter held
the earth in icy swathes,

The almond trees' black boughs
invite your blooms,
the brown earth stirs
with its age-old dreams.
O wake them with your word
immortal maid!

The thorny woods, gaping with leafless boughs,
attend your flames.

Come with your feet, chill from the mountain snows
into the pleasant plains.
Persephone!
Come to your native air
from the strong kisses of your awful lord,
with flower-spangled hair,
into the realms of light:
quicken the ardour of the laggard skies.

Lift up your lids from sleep
Spring, lay your golden hair
upon Earth's cheek,
and to your mother return,
the sorrowing Demeter,

that with full heart
she bid the frozen grain
to flourish, and the flowers to dance
in long-linked bands
around the happy earth.

Man by his smoking hearth
grows restless, and young shepherds bare
their breasts to the pale sun
that you may enter into
their strong hearts.

With song they go upon the hills,
not knowing why.
The rivers rush
upon swift feet,
swollen with melted snow unto the sea.

Since the sad fable of the world began,
Your breath has perfumed all the blackened woods
when the white moon of March
dies in the limpid sky.
Your violet skirts and crocus-tinted shoon
touching the earth,
the flowers bourgeon where your feet have trod.
O dream maid, come,
daughter of Zeus,
the earth is listening for your crystal voice.

And in far Africa
the exiled swallows gaze upon the sea,
blind and impervious,
and wait until some dawn,
coloured with rosier rays,
fills all their eager hearts
with the wild panic of awakening earth.

Longing that water divides
from the thing loved,
how furiously it burns in the expectant breast!
Shake out your violet robes,
woven with colours from the earth's wild heart,

and bid these songsters span
with silent ardour the remorseless sea.

Sleep from your cheeks shall fade,
as dew sun-scattered in the early grass,
and Hades' kisses on your tender mouth
you will forget
in the full fields of day.

Kore, the old that feel them ready dust
would bear your colours to the ashy plains
Of Dis.
Even the dead have memories, and
one latest spring
may sweeten cycles of unending night:
a perfume to outlive the centuries,
colour with crocus tints
the waxen asphodels of death.

For death and life are near,
Girl, and no gulf divides
their essences.
We carry death in all our leaping veins,
and the fast closèd eyes
glow with the fervour of to-morrow's life.

The tomb is like a marriage bed, where sleep
the lover-flowers of next summer's field.
Love, even kissing, dies.
O sweet, sweet death
incontinently we
adore thee:
and shall not they, divided from our footsteps by a span,
known in their icy sphere
ghostly remembrances
of the hot orgiac world?

Man that a little while
sows his fair dreams and reaps
eternal dust
nurtures great love for you,
because all promise flashes from your eyes.

Your subtle robes shake out the perfume of life,
When you pass near,
it seems we are immortal.
The pollen of dreams floats from your radiant hair,
and the sweet lie of life
glows in our doubting breasts.

Timorous no more, we build
our monuments,
glowing with faith:
white Attic altars where the gods may see
their own life lent to man
rise in chaste aspirations to the skies.

These, too, are works of yours,
redeeming maid
who every year die for mankind
and every year are gloriously reborn.
Sad at your going is the pitiful world,
and when the pomegranate
comes with its ominous fruit among the latest leaves,

we know who calls you,
why you leave us,
where you go.

To passion-thirsty Dis you turn your eyes,
and in the vaults of hell,
upon a bed of grey and scentless flowers,
yield your deep-bosomed ardour unto Death,
flood that grim heart with all your tender blood,
cheat that cold sacred mouth,
with kisses hot as fire,
into a mockery of immortal love.

Then weary, sad and lonely you await
the flow of days.
Sleep holds you, you forget
the world, your mother Demeter
and Dis.

INVOCATION TO THE SPRING

Till one day you awake,
all ardour running in your strong young veins,
turn your clear eyes to light,
shake out the waxy petals from your robes,
rise from your icy couch,
enter the earth again in smiles and tears
through the white doorway of the snows.

Lift up your lids from sleep
girl, let your first wild cry
ring through the mournful woods.
The violets will grow as sweet as last year's blooms
caressing your cool feet.

Maiden and wife,
goddess and girl,
Redemptress, come!

"In Homes Unblest"

By Max Beerbohm

NOTHING is more pleasant than to see suddenly endowed with motion a thing stagnant by nature. The hat that on the head of the man in the street is nothing to us, how much it is if it be animated by a gust of wind! There is no churl that does not rejoice with it in its strength, and in the swiftness and cunning that baffle its pursuer, who, he too, when the chase is over, bears it no ill-will at all for its escapade. I know families that have sat for hours, for hours after bedtime, mute, in a dim light, pressing a table with their finger-tips, and ever bringing to bear the full force of their minds on it, in the unconquerable hope that it would move. Conversely, nothing is more dismal than to see set in permanent rigidness a thing whose aspect is linked for us with the idea of great mobility. Even the blithest of us and least easily depressed would make a long détour to avoid a stuffed squirrel or a case of pinned butterflies. And you can well imagine with what a sinking of the heart I beheld, this morning, on a road near the coast of Norfolk, a railway-car without wheels.

Without wheels though it was, it had motion—of a kind; of a kind worse than actual stagnation. Mounted on a very long steam-lorry that groaned and panted, it very slowly passed me. I noted that two of its compartments were marked FIRST, the rest THIRD. And in some of them, I noted, you might smoke. But of this opportunity you were not availing yourself. All the compartments, the cheap and the dear alike, were vacant. They were transporting air only—and this (I conceived) abominable. The sun slanted fiercely down on the old iron roof, the old wooden walls, the dingy shut windows. The fume and grime of a thousand familiar tunnels, of year after year of journeys by night, journeys by day, from time immemorial, seemed to have invested the whole structure with a character that shrank from the sun's scrutiny and from the nearness of sea and

fields. Fuliginous, monstrous, slowly, shamefully, the thing went by,—to what final goal?—in the lovely weather.

There attended it, besides the driver of the lorry, a straggling retinue of half a dozen men on foot—handy-looking mechanics, very dusty. I should have liked to question one or another of these as to their mission. But I was afraid to do so. There is an art of talking acceptably to people who do not regard themselves as members of one's own class; and I have never acquired it. I suppose the first step is to forget that any art is needed—to forget that one must not be so wildly cordial for fear of seeming to "condescend," nor be more than a trifle saturnine, either, for the same motive. Or am I wrong? The whole thing is a mystery to me. All I know is that if I had asked those mechanics what they were doing with that railway-car they would have seemed to suspect me of meaning that it was my property and that they had stolen it. Or perhaps they would have seemed merely to resent my idle curiosity. If so, why not? When I walk abroad with a sheaf of manuscript in my hand, mechanics do not stop me to ask "What's that? What's it about? Who's going to publish it?" Nor is this because, times having changed so, they are afraid of seeming to condescend. They always did mind their own business. And now that their own business is so much more lucrative than mine, they still follow that golden rule.

I stood gazing back at the procession till it disappeared round a bend of the road. Its bequest of dust and smoke was quickly spent by a prodigal young breeze. Landscape and seascape were re-indued with their full amenities. Ruskin would have been pleased. So indeed was I; but that railway-car (in which, it romantically struck me, I myself might once, might frequently, have travelled) was still upmost in my brooding mind. To what manner of wretched end was it destined? No end would have seemed bad enough for it to Ruskin. But I was born late enough to acquiesce in railways and in all that pertains to them. And now, since the success of motor-cars (those far greater, because unrestricted, bores), railways have taken on for me some such charm as the memory of the posting coaches had for the greybeards of my boyhood, some such charm as aeroplanes may in the fulness of time foist down for us

on motor-cars. "But I rove," like Sir Thomas More. And I seem to think that a cheap literary allusion will make you excuse that vice. To resume my breathless narrative: I decided that I would slowly follow the tracks of the lorry.

I supposed that these were leading me to some great scrapping-place filled with the remains of other railway-cars foully scrapped for some fell industrial purpose. But this was a bad guess. The tracks led me at last through a lane and thence into sight of a little bay, on whose waters were perceptible the sleek heads of sundry human beings, and on its sands the full-lengths of sundry other human beings in bath-robes, reading novels or merely basking. There was nowhere any sign of industrialism. More than ever was I intrigued as to the fate of the old railway-car that I had been stalking. It and its lorry had halted on the flat grassy land that fringed the sands. This land was dominated by a crescent of queer little garish tenements, the like of which I had never seen, nor would wish to see again. They did not stand on the ground, but on stakes of wood and shafts of brick, six feet or so above the ground's level, and were led up to by flights of wooden steps that tried not to look like ladders. They displeased me much. They had little railed platforms round them, and things hanging out to dry on the railings; and their walls vied unneighbourly with one another in lawless colour-schemes. One tenement was salmon-pink, with wide bands of scarlet, another sky-blue with a key pattern in orange, and so on around the whole little horrid array. And I deduced, from certain upstanding stakes and shafts at the nearer end of the crescent, that the horror was not complete yet. A suspicion dawned in me, and became, while I gazed again at the crescent's façades, a glaring certainty; in the light of which I saw that I had been wrong about the old railway-car. Defunct, it was not to die. It was to have a new function.

I *had* once heard that disused railway-cars were convertible into seaside cottages. But the news had not fired my imagination nor protruded in my memory. To-day, as an eye-witness of the accomplished fact, I was impressed, sharply enough, and I went nearer to the crescent, drawn by a sort of dreadful fascination. I found that the cottages all had names. One cottage was Mermaid's Rock;

another (which had fluttering window-curtains of Stuart tartan), Spray o' the Sea; another, The Nest; another, Brinynook; and yet another had been named, with less fitness, but in an ampler and to me more interesting spirit, Petworth. I looked from them to the not-yet-converted railway-car. It had a wonderful dignity. In its austere and monumental way, it was very beautiful. It was a noble work of man, and Nature smiled on it. I wondered with what colours it was to be bejezebelled, and what name—Bolton Abbey?—Glad Eye?—Gay Wee Gehenna?—it would have to bear, and what manner of man or woman was going to rent it.

It was on this last point that I mused especially. The housing problem is hard, doubtless; but nobody, my mind protested as I surveyed the crescent, nobody is driven to so desperate a solution of it as this. There are tents; there are caves; there are hollow trees . . . and there are people who prefer—this! Yes, "this" is a positive taste, not a necessity at all. I swept the bay with a searching eye; but heads on the surface of water tell nothing to the sociologist, and in bath-robes even full-lengths on the sand give him no clue. Three or four of the full-lengths had risen and strolled up to the lorry, around which the mechanics were engaged in some dispute of a technical nature. I hoped the full-lengths would have something to say, too. But they said nothing. This I set down to sheer perversity. I was more than three miles from the place where I am sojourning, and the hour for luncheon was nearly due. I left the bay without having been able to determine the character, the kind, of its denizens.

I take it there is a strong tincture of Bohemianism in them. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy of whose judgment I am always trustful, has said that the hall-mark of Bohemianism is a tendency to use things for purposes to which they are not adapted. You are a Bohemian, says Mr. MacCarthy, if you would gladly use a razor for buttering your toast at breakfast, and you aren't if you wouldn't. I think he would agree that the choice of a home is a surer index than any fleeting action, however strange, and that really the best-certified Bohemians are they who choose to reside in railway-cars on stilts. But—why particularly railway-cars? That is a difficult question. A possible

answer is that the Bohemian, as tending always to nomady, feels that the least uncongenial way of settling down is to stow himself into a thing fashioned for darting hither and thither. Yet no, this answer won't do. It is ruled out by the law I laid down in my first paragraph. There's nothing sadder to eye or heart than a very mobile thing made immovable.

No house, especially if you are by way of being nomadic, can be so ill to live in as one that in its heyday went gadding all over the place. And, on the other hand, what house more eligible than one that *can* gad? I myself am not restless, and am fond of comfort: I should not care to live in a caravan. But I have always liked the idea of a caravan. And if you, alas! O reader, are a dweller in a railway-car, I commend the idea to you. Take it, with my apologies for any words of mine that may have nettled you. Put it into practice. Think of the white road and the shifting hedgerows, and the counties that you will soon lose count of. And think what a blessing it will be for you to *know* that your house is not the one in which the Merstham Tunnel murder was committed.

Thus to Revisit . . . (iii)

Some Reminiscences

By Ford Madox Hueffer

V.

Combien je regrette. . .

After a great many years of studious seclusion, one of us at least having found his Form—and no doubt also a haven—the day came for a voyage into the Great World of English Letters. This World was beginning timidly to re-conquer a little of moonlit glory—of Parnassian opulence. When I look again at the lists provided for me by my Trans-atlantic taskmaster, I perceive the names of few eminent men who were not already well in the saddle at the close of the first decade of this century. Let us just repeat the list to save the Reader the trouble of turning back. You have then :

(Messrs.)			
Gosse	Hardy	Bennett	Wyndham Lewis,
Hudson (W. H.)	Yeats	Wells	"etc., etc."
Doughty	Symons	Sinclair (Miss)	Meynell (Mrs.)
Bridges	Eliot (T. S.)	Lawrence (D. H.)	Moore (George)
			Dunsany (Lord)

Newbolt, Sir Henry.

and, the Reader may remember that the compiler added : " Rudyard Kipling and any of Les Jeunes "—that I liked. Alas ! I liked them all !

If we add the names of George Meredith and Henry James, who were then still alive and that of Mr. Conrad ; and, if we omit those of Messrs. Eliot, Lawrence and Lewis, " etc., etc.," none of whom had yet begun to write, we shall have a fairly representative gathering of those who in the moonlight occupied thrones, or at least seats on the steps of England's Parnassus during the years 1907, 8 and 9. It

makes, this list, a distinguished and varied array, and heaven forbid that one should presume to criticise its individual members. It wants only one thing—cohesion.

You can't imagine its units uniting for any imaginable purpose—except perhaps pontifically to proscribe Conscious Literary Artists. Even then there would be one or two dissentients. I, on the other hand, couldn't in those days imagine Literature without, behind it, some cohesion of writers. The poor old *métier de chien* is such a solitary business; without some contagion to sustain his belief in himself a writer can do so little. And the usual contagion supplied to the Eminent Littérateur of England, sitting solitary on the little hill that he makes his own—the contagion supplied by his body-servant, his bottle-washer, his solicitor and several female admirers, is a poor substitute for the sharpening of wits that must take place when many rivals—as in the Mermaid—meet habitually and talk about how to write. The poor dear old Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the great Flaubert-Turgenev-Zola-Maupassant-Goncourt group, the "Henley Gang," as it called itself, and the *Yellow Book*—each of these movements did something towards providing a solution for one problem or another in Art or towards proving the futility of one method or another. And, if each did no more than prove that a little generosity is possible amongst men who sometimes hold pens, each did a great deal.

In the lightness of our hearts and the inexperience of early middle age, Arthur Pearson Marwood—alas, that I must write: the late!—and myself set out to afford a nucleus for some sort of Movement that should combine some of the already Eminent with some of the Young who were then knocking on the doors of our Athenæum. It was in one of the three years I have mentioned: I have really forgotten which: and it does not matter. We aimed at founding an *aube de siècle* Yellow Book. We did—or perhaps we didn't!

At any rate, when I look again through that list of names I see only those of four gentlemen who did not write for us; of these, Mr. Kipling was omitted because we could not pay his prices; the others we did not like. Yet—I am talking about cohesion—of all the writers who contributed to our first three or four numbers there was only

one who did not write to us to say that the ENGLISH REVIEW was ruined by the inclusion of every other contributor. Mr. James, curiously enough, said: "Poor dear old Meredith—God alone knows what he *means*!" Mr. Meredith said: "Poor James is ageing. . . . He has these mysterious internal rumblings. But what do they *mean*?" The own familiar literary friend of Marwood and myself wrote us a full-dress letter of remonstrance. He pointed out that we were "ruining our careers" by "having anything to do with" Mr. Bennett, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hudson, Mr. James, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Wells, or Mr. Yeats. . . . *Cela vous donne une fière idée de l'homme!*

And, really, it was a mad idea we had had—that part of the enterprise that attempted to cement together the Immortals. "The books are alive to this day to testify to it, therefore deny it not." We fell back altogether on *Les Jeunes*, and, in the end, Les Jeunes made a very pretty movement for themselves, only the war cut it short. Les Jeunes, as they chronologically presented themselves to us, were Mr. Pound, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, "Wyndham Lewis, etc., etc.," Mr. Flint, "H. D.," Mr. T. S. Eliot—I daresay I am forgetting somebody; he or she must forgive it.

But I wish to be allowed to break off once again to pay a tribute to the memory of the late Arthur Marwood. He was too unambitious to be a writer but, large, fair, clumsy and gentle, he had the deepest and widest intelligence of all the men I have ever met. He had the largest general, the largest encyclopædic, knowledge that, I imagine, it would be possible for any one man's skull to hold. He could discourse, and accurately, about the rigging of fruit schooners, about the rotation of crops on sandy soils, about the home life of Ammianus Marcellinus, the vocabulary of Walter Pater, the hidden aims of Mr. Chamberlain, systems of irrigation, the theories of Mendel, the rapture of Higher Mathematics, Napoleonic strategy, consubstantiation, or the Theory of Waves. . . . Why he ever had anything to do with the ENGLISH REVIEW I do not know. He had no personal ambitions, being a Yorkshire Tory Squire, a distinguished mathematician and the Fellow of some Cambridge College—Trinity, I think. I can only imagine that Destiny, who is merciless, blind and avenging, drove him into that enter-

prise to punish him for some sin unknown to the rest of the world. And, if the enterprise did not ruin him as our friend had so forcibly predicted, it certainly inconvenienced him and caused him to endure a great deal of mental uneasiness and semi-public odium.

Its only outcome, as a Movement-producer, was the group which figured from 1910 to 1914 as Les Jeunes of London literary life. We printed the "first efforts" of the gentlemen I have just named: I daresay we printed those of other Futurists, Vorticists, Cubists, Imagistes. . . . And, in our Editorial Salons they found chaises-longues and sofas on which to stretch themselves whilst they discussed the fate of already fermenting Europe. So, for three or four years, culminating in the London Season of 1914, they made a great deal of noise in a city that was preparing to reverberate with echoes of blasts still greater. They found their earthly home and general headquarters in the polychromatic and stifling cellar beneath the New Gallery. There—*au son de fiffres de crotale!*—they plotted the blowing of Parnassus to the moon. They came near to doing it. They stood for the Non-Representational in the Arts; for *Vers Libre;* for symbols in Prose, *tapage* in Life, and Death to Impressionism. They were a fine band, and did useful work. The war is said to have extinguished them—as if the Germans' invasion of Belgium saved their Parnassian Allies. I wonder if it has.

We now skip five years during which the moon did not much shine—or, at any rate, the denizens of our Parnassus used, I understand, to pray that it would not.

VI.

Coda. . . .

I write this section—in which at last I come to re-visiting—with great diffidence. I should not write it at all had I not been "put right" by a very young man already eminent in the after-war world of letters. I could have deduced the conditions as to which he dogmatically informs me, as a Scientist deduces the Ichthyosaurus from the long-deceased beast's little-toe joint—but I did not want to deduce a world to me so naked and forlorn. In short,

according to my confident and business-like Informer, himself Parnassian of the Parnassians, Academicism is now triumphant in these Islands as it never was before. To secure so much as publication you must bow to some image or another of Minerva; to be reviewed at all you must subscribe to some Fifty Articles; to be reviewed favourably you must kiss some gentleman's great toe. Mr. Pound, I am told, is dead. Mr. Lewis, I think, amongst the Immortals of Burlington House; Futurism is a bye-word; Vers Libristes have all been put into decasyllabic strait-waistcoats; all the Imagistes are in the workhouse. . . . I wonder, forlornly, what has become of Impressionism. The Futurists killed that, so they used to say in 1914, at the same time telling me negligently that *I* was an Impressionist.

There would be nothing sad about all this if it is not true that the ruling young have become Academic. That would be the most tragic aftermath of the war. To the war went all that was *tapageur*, careless, and uncalculating of Les Jeunes: to the war went the Futurists, the Cubists, the Imagistes, the Vorticists—even the poor old Impressionists. The Eminent Middle-Aged remained in undisturbed possession of the fauteuils of Parnassus; and, according to my informant, first the door-knockers, and then the steps of the Fane were taken possession of by a serried phalanx of metricists, prosodists, young annalists, young commentators. And there they still remain, controlling all the Sources of Information. That was inevitable: so it was in Athens of old; so it will be for ever.

But I hope a public-spirited man or two will arise to give the Real young a chance. I know that they need it more than at any time in my experience. There may or may not be a Censorship established by the Neo-Academics. I am so triumphantly assured of its existence and powers by one claiming to be on the Board that I must needs believe it. But, apart from that, the mere economics of to-day make it extremely difficult for a young writer even to get his first book printed. Paper is very expensive, binding is very expensive, printing is very expensive, warehouse room is very expensive and difficult to obtain. Initiative on the part of publishers is almost prohibited. I don't know that we ought to blame them; perhaps we ought,

but I am not minded to throw the first stone. For we have to blame first the intense indifference of the public, the want of conscience of the Reviewers—and, apparently, my young friend and his fellow-censors. If these three could be whipped into mending their ways, the publishers would soon dance to the New Tune.

Reaction towards Academicism is normal to all ages and to most countries. That is decreed by blind and august Destiny. I can't see why it is so decreed, though we all know how it comes about. The Reader will know. He too was once young, careless, *tapageur*, full-blooded; but his waist has grown; he needs a nice country house: he desires to send his sons to Harrow. So he seeks to drive all the younger cockerels off his dunghill. A novelist *de mes amis* to whom I announced my farewell to Letters said: "I'm sorry to hear it, of course. At the same time, it means that I can afford another lump of sugar to my tea." It is, in short, decreed that we should grow towards middle age and wear our laurel with a difference. Usually the young have a fair chance to dig our graves.

To-day they have none—and that is a very serious affair for the world, and for ourselves. We, as a Nation, are too inclined always to be commercial, and a Nation that becomes over-materialist in its views is destined to decay—or to obliteration. We have lately escaped by the skins of our teeth: but we have had an object-lesson. And the politics of Parnassus are no merely domestic wrangles. Stodginess and Academicism at the fount of a nation's intellect mean tenfold Materialism in the race that is content to endure them. A Movement in the Arts—*any* movement—leavens a whole Nation with astonishing rapidity: its ideas pour through the daily, the weekly, and the monthly press with the rapidity of water pouring through interstices until at last they reach the Quarterlies and disturb even the Academicians asleep over their paper-baskets. A solitary thinker will take two aeons to make his voice heard: seven working in concert will forty-nine times shorten the process. And Movements make for friendships, enthusiasms, self-sacrifice, mutual aid—all fine things! And Movements are things of youth. I should like to permit myself to write with some emotion of these matters, since they are those I have felt most deeply all my

life. But I am aware that emotionalism is inadvisable. The Board of Censors is on the watch for a stumble or a generous over-statement. Let us then take a guarded view of where we stand. I fancy that, when he stated that Mr. Pound was dead; Mr. Lewis an R.A.; Mr. T. S. Eliot a Wall Street operator, and Mr. Lawrence a whole-time librarian—when, in short, he reported that the whole battalion of Les Jeunes of 1914 had been wiped out, my young friend was reporting as accomplished facts what he had tried to bring about. That is what Censorships do. It is what they are for: thus they encourage recruiting. Mr. Flint I know to be alive, and "H.D." of the original Imagistes. So some of Les Jeunes survive: it is not an immense list, but it gives us a nucleus of people who can be trusted to be decent to the young. There is also Mr. James Joyce; and there is Miss Richardson.

I am inclined to think that Mr. Joyce is riding his method to death. But it is a good thing to ride a method to death: it lets other artists see of what it is capable. And nothing is more useful to the Arts than to be afforded an object-lesson in how far a Method can be made to go. Mr. Joyce descends from Mr. James in his perception of minute embarrassments and related frames of mind, and he has carried Mr. Conrad's early researches after ramified Form almost as far as they can go. But he is direct in his narration of incident. This Miss Richardson isn't. She records incident so unceasingly through the medium of embarrassments—and so minutely—that at times one has a difficulty in following her. But then one is tired, and she has a great following of ladies.

Women, indeed, seem to have assumed a large share of the responsibility for carrying forward the Arts whilst their menfolk were at Cannæ—or was it Thermopylæ? I am aware, even in my remoteness—indeed, in a remoteness still greater from the glimpses of the moon I was aware—of Miss Clemence Dane, who has worked out a great deal of the method of Henry James; of Mrs. Virginia Woolf, who has made a formidable attempt to revive the Standard Type of English novel; of Miss Stern, who analyses modern trends of thought and of feminism. And I should like to put in a special plea for Miss, or Mrs., George Stevenson, whose book "Benjy,' in a rather drawn-to-the-

ground style, such as Mr. Garnett tried to make popular in the 'nineties, I have enjoyed and re-read, as we used to do with the books of our childhood. So that there, firmly in the saddle, we have lady representatives of the four schools that were found in the 'nineties. They carry on, these ladies, fine traditions—but I doubt if they would really join either Movements or Revolts, or yet knock on doors of Parnassian fanes. Perhaps Miss Stern would, for I take her to represent the *Yellow Book*. I believe we could count on Miss Sinclair—possibly Miss Mayne, too, still holds Revolutionary fires. And that alone really interests me.

I can't help it. I wish my nature would let me sit, if not beside, then at the feet of, Mr. Gosse, Sir Sidney Colvin, the Editors of the more Academic Reviews—or even at the feet of the Academic young who have established claims to the mantles of those others—the bibliophiles, commentators, and Vorschungen-Wallahs. But cheerfulness will come creeping in: one's face will not compose itself to the necessary portentousness. Besides, I have lately had sent me several very striking manuscripts of Young People who cannot find publishers. That is hateful.

And so we come back to the plea with which, letting the cloven hoof at last peep through, I started this paper: I wish that a public-spirited man or two could be found to throw away a couple of thousand pounds each—to be ready to lose that amount in order to start a Movement. Any Movement! A dead loss of a couple of thousand pounds may represent an amazing stretch of activities, just as the same sum in profit may be all that results from a huge Trade turnover. The Academic and the Indifferent will tell you that that is subsidising Art, and that good Art can only result from what is called a sound commercial line. That is not true. In this country all good art movements have had to be subsidised by original losses—Pre-Raphaelites, Æsthetes, the Henley Gang, the Yellow Book Group. *Atque ego in Arcadia!* . . . .

And I ask the Reader to observe that I am not seeking to promote the interests of any one School or Group. I am not even asking anyone to give Mr. Lewis, Mr. Flint, or Captain Read, or any other of the gallant young fellows,

what is called in military language a sporting chance to make up the ground that they lost by their periods of Army service. Indeed, the majority of the manuscripts which have lately been sent me have been by Young People of Pacifist Tendencies. That is all one. I simply want to point out that the healthy young are wise with a queer, instinctive wisdom that must be voiced if the Nation is to be kept healthy. They are no doubt also foolish: perhaps they need handicapping.

But to-day the handicap is unjust. The economics of paper and print are *too* strong against them; the Academic are *too* strongly entrenched against them: they lost too many, of All Ranks, and the nerves of too many others suffered too much in the fields of France and Flanders—or, if you will, on Dartmoor. It is so hopeless playing against unreasonably loaded dice when, for many years, you have suffered a great deal! They *should* be given a chance. . . .

But I have let emotion creep in.

When the Earth Stopped

By Stacy Aumonier

You may remember that the summer of 1938 was an exceptionally hot one. Anti-cyclones over the eastern Atlantic caused a series of heat waves in northern and western Europe. These conditions began in early June, and they prevailed with only the briefest interruptions right up to the third week in September. People had never known such a hot summer.

One afternoon during the beginning of the first heat wave in June, Lena Trevanna peeped beneath the sunblind and looked down on to the marble terrace of her husband's palatial mansion at Twickenham. The white marble seemed to be dancing and quivering in the sun. Projecting from beneath the awning of an extending deck chair she could see her husband's white buckskin boots, and the sight filled her with bitterness. One might ask whether her husband's boots were a special source of irritation to Lena. It is difficult to say. Certainly, the right boot had once kicked her during a paroxysm of the owner's anger. But it is doubtful whether she hated his feet more than any of the rest of him. She had no desire to see his face at that moment. She was all too familiar with that heavy, puffy jowl, the bald head fringed with white hair, the moist protruding eyes, the bristly tooth-brush moustache, the overhanging eyelids, and the small dark eyes that missed nothing and flashed alternately with anger and cunning.

She hated him, and she hated that miniature city, the roofs of which she could just see on the other side of the park. They called it Trevanna City. It comprised several square miles of studios, workshops, and buildings of plaster and canvas, film factories, and solid houses where lived actors and producers, and operators, and all the rag-tag and bob-tail of that profession she had learned to hate.

And Lena had not always hated it. When a very

young girl it had been the ambition of her life to be a film-star. She had studied and struggled and failed. She knew she was not beautiful. She was short and dark and ill-proportioned. But she had something—she believed she had the ability to portray emotion. For three years she had withstood the buffets of the cinema world. No one gave her the least encouragement. She became despondent and bitter. And then one day she had met the great Julius Trevanna. Even at that time—fifteen years ago—he was a big man in the film world. And now?—was it not a notorious fact that he was the central pivot of a virtual combine, the combine of all British and Colonial film interests? Millions, millions; he had piled them up as other men pile up shillings. And the millions brought no satisfaction to Lena. She was nominally the mistress of the house. In effect she was less than a servant. She was a servant without the power to give notice. She was a slave, a chattel. She wandered through the great corridors and galleries, and was alone —utterly alone.

Some strange, almost perverse desire must have assailed Julius when they first met. She was conscious of him observing her sleepily and tugging at his little moustache as though considering a problem. She disliked him instantly. He was physically repellent to her. And then one day he had come and stroked her hair and said:

"You're a nice little girl, eh?"

She did not know what to do. There suddenly flashed through her mind two visions. One of Lena Baynes—unsuccessful, unknown, penniless, getting old. The other of Lena Trevanna, rich, successful, the greatest film star in the world. If she married him he would be bound to give her leading parts. She had hesitated and dallied. Julius was a masterful man. He had not given her opportunities for long consideration. Money was no object in any of his undertakings. And so one April day she found herself his wife. For a few months there was a semblance of some kind of happiness in their married life, and then came the rift. She almost at once discovered that he was vicious, egotistical, and tyrannical. He tired of her, but he would not let her go. When she suggested herself in leading parts, he said:

"'Um, yes. Well, we shall see. Better begin at the bottom and climb."

He gave her small parts and quickly showed he thought nothing of her ability. One day she overheard him tell a producer that he needn't bother about her because "she was a perfect fool." That was the beginning. They quarrelled, and henceforth their lives were lived apart. They shared the great palace and hardly ever exchanged a word. He clothed her and fed her, but only made her a small allowance. He ordered her about and bullied her. Sometimes he even struck her. For fifteen years she had endured this life, hesitating between numerous alternatives. What could she do? If she left him, she would again have to face the struggle and the disgrace. She had become quite convinced at last that she really had no ability as an actress. And she was getting older. No wonder she began to hate this unreal world. Everything was unreal and unconvincing. Emotions, and murders, and marriages and robberies were always being enacted right under her nose. The house itself was frequently in use, and she arrived at the condition of being unable to differentiate between reality and posture. Every vision might be a chimæra. The whole countryside was unreal—film mad.

On this afternoon as she gazed on to the terrace, she sighed for the days of her youth, when everything was vital and real. The sun was apparently too hot for Julius. She saw him pull his hat over his eyes and stroll into the house. At the same time she observed a large aeroplane gliding downwards beyond the trees. After hovering for a few seconds, it alighted on the landing stage across the park. A small detachable motor-car appeared to be released from the framework and in a few minutes was racing up the drive towards the house.

"It's someone coming to see Julius," she thought.

In her enervated and bored mood she felt a sudden desire to see who this stranger might be. Anything was better than eating her heart out. She found her husband in the Louis XV. salon, still smoking the cigar and glancing at a tape machine. She did not address him. She went and perched herself in the window-seat. Apparently he did not observe her. She pretended to be reading. In a

few minutes' time a butler entered with a card on a lacquer tray. He handed it to Julius, who examined it.

"Good God!"

The importance of the message appeared to be so profound that he swung round as though he could not restrain his excitement. He must communicate it to someone. He observed Lena and exclaimed:

"Mark Ulrich! Good God! Mark Ulrich himself! The biggest man in the film world of the whole of America! What the devil does he——"

Apparently feeling that he was being too familiar and communicative, he turned once more to the butler and said:

"Show Mr. Ulrich in."

The room was flooded with a mellow light diffused by the skilful arrangement of sunblinds. She lay shivering in her corner, watchfully alert. The butler retired and re-entered, followed by the visitor. There was little about the first impression of Mr. Mark Ulrich to denote the biggest man in the cinema world. His physique was insignificant, his face was grey and drawn, his clothes dowdy. It was only when he advanced and held out his hands that she observed the quiet power behind the eyes, the steady jaw, the complete sense of assurance which only masterful men possess.

"Mr. Trevanna?" he muttered, and smiled kindly.

Julius was obviously deeply affected, excited and a shade suspicious. What had the American Film King come to him for? He spoke as casually as he could:

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Ulrich—a great honour. Won't you sit down?"

The American perched himself on the corner of a Chesterfield, and passed his hand over his brow.

"I have been most anxious to meet you, Mr. Trevanna. I am a bad traveller. I preferred the old days when we used to come by sea. Even now I insist upon the dirigible. They are slow but comfortable. I must have my bath. It is two and a half days since I left my home in Connecticut to come and visit you."

Julius raised his eyebrows.

"Do I understand that you have come over specially to see me?"

Mr. Ulrich smiled.

"Why not? Yes, indeed. I have a matter I want to discuss with you, if you can spare me the time."

"Why, of course, I have nothing urgent this afternoon or to-night. May I put you up for a day or two?"

"It is very kind of you. I must return to America to-night, however. But if you think well of my idea I shall return again in a few days' time."

"Well, well, now. Make yourself at home. Have a cigar."

"Thank you, I do not smoke. If you can really spare me the time, I will begin to lay my plans before you at once."

He coughed and looked round the room, and his eye alighted on Lena. He gave a little exclamation of surprise. Julius, who had quite forgotten her, turned in her direction. He barked out:

"My wife!"

Mr. Ulrich immediately walked across the room and held out his hand to her.

"Mrs. Trevanna," he said, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance."

The unaccustomed social attention quite unnerved Lena. She could only gasp: "Thank you... Thank you."

Mr. Ulrich looked slightly puzzled. He glanced from one to the other and then resumed his seat. Julius appeared to hesitate whether to order his wife out of the room, but apparently decided that her presence made no difference one way or the other. The only sound was the ticking of the tape machine. Mr. Ulrich leant forward on his knees, and as he spoke a tinge of colour enlivened his countenance:

"What I am about to propose to you may cause you considerable surprise, and I shall not ask you to come to any decision in the matter till my return from America. The idea has come to me slowly. It is the outcome of the growth of my experience—many, many long years in the film world. I think it began to take shape at the time when the Chinese, and indeed all the Eastern people, began to be absorbed by the fascination of moving picture work. Now, as you know, Mr. Trevanna, the cinema industry is the first industry in the world. It represents a larger flotation of capital, it employs more people, and pays greater

dividends than any other two industries in the world put together. You and I, and perhaps a few others, hardly realise the power that is in our hands."

Julius looked up at him quickly.

"Is your idea—an international combine?"

"In a sense—yes. But my idea is more comprehensive than that. I am of opinion that what the famous League of Nations failed to accomplish, the Universal Film Trust could accomplish quite easily."

"I'm afraid I can't see—the League of Nations! What have we to do with politics?"

"We might have everything to do with politics. If we could live up to the ideal which should inspire all parties to the agreement, we could——"

"What could we do?"

"We could stop the earth!"

"What the devil!"

"I do not mean that human life or activities would be stopped. On the contrary, they would be helped, and encouraged, and elevated. What I mean is that history could be stopped. There would be armies, but they would be armies in fustian. We could fight again the battle of the Marne, the battle of Poitiers, the battle of Marathon, but there would never again be bloodshed. There would be nations retaining their national characteristics but as nations they would have no claws or talons. There would be Governments, but they would be tools in our hands. We should enter the age of retrospection. We would wind up the history of the world. We would set it down, and reproduce it on the screens. All men would work simply and reverently for the good of mankind. Agriculture and manufacture and all arts and industries would still go on, of course, but there would be no international politics. With the power that we represent we could check any movement of political aggression. We could stop the production of all armaments except those made of wood and canvas."

"You must be mad!"

Mr. Ulrich smiled gently, and raised his hand.

"Mr. Trevanna," he continued, "I need perhaps hardly point out to you that my life and work have not all been the outcome of a visionary existence. Many people

consider me a hard, material man. Even my numerous benefactions have been ascribed as "good business." I may mention that, in spite of your unique position in the British film world, you are not the first man I have approached. I only crave your sympathetic consideration. As I say, I do not expect you to give your decision until I return from America."

Julius sucked the stump of his cigar, which had gone out.

"Might I ask—who else have you approached?"

"Ah Sing Fu."

"Ah Sing Fu!"

Lena observed her husband start and shrink back into the easy chair. Mr. Ulrich twisted his fingers around his bony knees and swayed backward and forwards.

"The world has yet to comprehend the Chinese. The Chinese are the most numerous, the most intelligent, the most immovable race on this earth. It may almost be said that they wound up their history some time ago. They have begun to find out how to live. I have spent many happy hours in the society of Ah Sing Fu. He is a philosopher, an idealist, and an extremely able and practical man. As you know, he is the presiding genius of that wonderful group of Eastern film activities which have only come into force during the last fifteen years. It embraces the whole of China and Eastern Siberia and part of Japan. It has its ramifications throughout India and the Malay Archipelago. It is a bigger corporation than either yours or ours. Ah Sing Fu and I are the only people at present who have discussed this idea. I now come to you. Within the course of a few weeks trusted agents of ours will be active throughout Europe and Africa and that part of Asia not yet influenced by Ah Sing Fu."

"But what does it all amount to? How do you propose to go to work?"

"The nations of the world, Mr. Trevanna, are still living on paper credit as a result of the great war. They are, indeed, a lot of bankrupts. They can dress well and dine well and stuff the bills away into a drawer. They are just gambling on. Their very existence depends upon the goodwill and good sense of men controlling the largest blocks of actual assets. We film industries are conducted

4

[*To face p.* 224

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

on a cash basis. We represent the biggest, solidest control of capital in the world. Nothing can stand against it!"

"Then we could shove the prices up."

"We could, but that is not the idea of either Ah Sing Fu or myself. Our idea is simply a moral one. On the contrary, we think the charges should be reduced, the standard of production raised; the ego could be turned inwards to absorb the moral of the past and, through it, to determine the way to live."

The eyes of Julius were starting out of his head. He was obviously convinced that he was in the presence of a lunatic, a dangerous lunatic, and yet a person for whom he had a profound respect. He had chafed his fingers once badly pulling the strings against this very man. And Ah Sing Fu was a genius; the whole film world acclaimed it.

He was uncomfortable and disturbed, and suspicious. Why couldn't they leave him alone comfortably piling up his millions. Who cared or believed in the "uplifting of humanity?" At the same time, if he opposed them, what might they not do? His fortune was great, but his commitments were greater. He depended on America, and Russia, and even the East for many things. Unless he was circumspect, he might find himself marooned. He temporised.

"It's a big idea."

Mr. Ulrich blinked at the great salon and cracked a knuckle. Then he arose and walked to the window, and looked across the park. He appeared to be considering some new problem. Suddenly he turned and said quietly:

"This is a very beautiful house. Very quiet and charming. It has suddenly occurred to me—Ah Sing Fu and I had almost determined to call a conference at Joachims in Prague at the end of the month, but when I come to think of it—I wonder whether we could trespass upon your hospitality? This would make an ideal meeting place. And it would be more convenient in many ways. You live here alone, do you not? Of course, it all depends upon the word of Mrs. Trevanna . . . ."

He smiled and bowed to her. Julius grunted and tugged at his little moustache. Lena did not speak. The shafts of unspoken venom passing between husband and

wife must have been apparent to Mr. Ulrich, but he gave no recognition of it. Julius suddenly exclaimed :

"Yes, yes, certainly. Have it here, by all means."

But it was said less as a genial invitation than as an assertion that the word of Mrs. Trevanna didn't count one way or the other.

"Very kind, very kind of you indeed," murmured Mr. Ulrich. "As you may imagine, there will be a great number of technicalities to discuss. It will be necessary to get in everyone, and possibly to—eradicate objectionable elements."

He uttered the last sentence very slowly and clearly. There was a touch of velvet menace about it. Julius visualised Ah Sing Fu, Ulrich and Joachim eradicating "objectionable elements." Joachim, he knew, was another of these international fanatics who were becoming so prolific. The centre of his operations was Prague, and he controlled the film interests of all Central Europe. These three together could eradicate anything. They were mad —stark, staring mad; but they frightened him. Fortunately there was his friend, Jonkers, in Brussels. He was a good man, a good, solid man, with no nonsense about him. He would ring up Jonkers, and see what he thought. Between them perhaps they could cope with these lunatics, these visionaries. Damn it! what was his wife doing, suddenly walking over to this American and shaking hands, saying she would like to have the conference here? In *his* house! He, who by his industry and genius, had built the place, and picked her out of the gutter. He had half a mind to cancel the whole thing. He was being rushed. . . .

"Then that is settled, Mr. Trevanna. I do not mean that you will agree at present to join the combination, but that you will agree that we hold the conference here. It is so much more satisfactory than any written or wirelessed way of communicating. It is necessary that we should all know each other. The personal factor still remains the dominant force in the world."

Mr. Ulrich held out his hand, and Julius found himself gripping it. The vanity of wealth over-rode his other feelings. He desired to impress his rivals.

"Invite as many as you like," he exclaimed. "We

could put up a hundred or two and not notice them in this place."

"I do not think it will be necessary to ask more than about twelve or fifteen—just a central body—but the conference will naturally go on for several weeks. After formulating a broadly-designed scheme, it will be necessary to keep constantly in touch with our representatives in all parts of the world. There will be opposition and misunderstanding, and we shall have to clean it up bit by bit."

"I will stroll down the garden with you."

Julius felt a sudden accentuated aversion to his wife. He was annoyed that she had been present. He felt that he was being made to look weak and pliable, and it angered him that she should have observed it. He scowled at her as he suggested the stroll in the garden. It was meant to imply very forcibly that her presence was undesirable. It was quite unnecessary, however. Lena made no attempt to follow. She froze into her former condition of sullen aloofness. Mr. Ulrich shook her hand, and the two men went into the garden.

Lena watched them for some time talking earnestly beneath the cedar tree. Ulrich did most of the talking. He was emphasising his points deliberately and clearly, tapping the palm of his left hand with two fingers of his right. In rather less than an hour's time, he took his departure.

Julius came back into the house. He was in a very bad temper. He kept snapping his fingers, a characteristic sign of extreme tension and nervousness. When he saw her, he bawled at her:

"Make all preparations with the servants to entertain twenty men here for three weeks in August."

She felt tempted to reply: "Don't you mean, 'make all preparations with the *other* servants?'" but she forbore, and shrank away from him. Alone in her room, she thought: "They are going to stop the earth . . . everything will cease . . . everything will be unreal for ever."

The unusual spell of heat continued. Three days later her husband remarked to her in the morning:

"Jonkers is coming to-night. Have the Dubarry room prepared for him."

She knew and detested this Jonkers. He was so very

like her husband, only not so fat. He had a disgusting, oleaginous, over-familiar way of talking to her. He said one thing with his mouth and another with his eyes. He was cunning, and supercilious, and sensual. He sometimes flattered her, but she knew from his eyes that he thought no more of her than her husband did. Nevertheless, she was interested to hear of the visit. She knew that it was in some way connected with the visit of Mr. Ulrich. All over the world were springing up what her husband called "these crazy internationalists." Ulrich, Ah Sing Fu, Joachim, and these others were of that persuasion. They only awaited some lever. Jonkers and Julius Trevanna would never agree with the rest. They would plot behind the scenes. They would play for their own hands.

She knew that, and she knew it more fully when she saw them together that night after dinner. She pretended to make herself scarce, but she was watching and listening. Jonkers stayed two days and nights, and the two friends talked far into the night. It was very difficult. Julius was suspicious, and she had to appear more dormant and preoccupied than ever. Only once did she manage to overhear a portion of a conversation which completely showed the trend of their ambitions.

"Of course, we shall have to agree," Julius was saying. "It's too big a thing. But this is where we'll come in, Jonkers——" He explained some technical suggestion of Ulrich's. Lena could not understand it, but she understood the chuckle of the Flemish guest, when he interjected:

"Keep that dark, dear boy. You and I between us, we should make four million a year clear profit over that—if we pretend, see?"

Followed no relief from the prevailing high temperature. Jonkers went and others came. Tapes and telephones and wires were always active, and still the world was unsuspicious of being stopped. July came and went, and the day of the conference was drawing near.

Lena was pledged to secrecy. Not a word was to be breathed. The affair was to have the appearance of an ordinary house party. The servants would know nothing about the guests. If it came out that all the film magnates

were assembled at one point, the stock markets of the world would be in panic.

Ah Sing Fu was the first arrival. He came with a retinue of three servants and a secretary. He drifted into the house like an autumn leaf indicating the wane of the year—an old man, with a thin, white beard, suave, gentle, impenetrable. Lena would never know him, but she felt that she could trust him.

"No man was ever so wise as some Chinamen look." Ah Sing Fu was like that. There was something about him big, disinterested, indestructible—a pioneer of perpetuity

He and his retainers glided about the house in their slippered feet. Their presence seemed permeating but intangible. Ulrich followed within twelve hours. Then came Joachim, a jovial giant, with a deep, penetrating voice and a laugh that was good to hear. Three others arrived in the night as if by magic. René Caradoc, a Frenchman; Raddaes, a Portuguese; and an indeterminate person called Linnsen, who might have been anything from a Moor to a Chicago stock-raiser. They vanished to their rooms, met in the morning, and talked in little groups over their coffee. The conference was already begun. Golf was played in the afternoon, obviously with the idea of giving an impression of normality. Joachim broke a club, and his laugh could be heard across the park. He had probably never played the game before. The afternoon brought two gentlemen from South America and one from Cape Town. Lena was beginning to lose the thread of their identities. Everything was becoming dreamlike, fantastic. The heat was enervating. There was an informal meeting of all parties in the library, and Julius informed her that her presence was not desirable. Again in the night arrived Moder, another American, and a Hindu, with a retinue of five. Within the week the conference was complete. Twenty-three sat round the circular table in the library. All the doors were closed. Lena wandered about the grounds or sat in the garden dreaming. What were they going to do? What would be the outcome of it, this conspiracy to stop the earth? She liked Ulrich, and she liked Joachim and Ah Sing Fu. They were good men. She was convinced of that. But—this heat! She

dreaded it, the stopping of the earth, retrospection, going back, nothing happening again, everything to be filmed and unreal. She would not be able to stand it.

While things went on there always seemed a vestige of hope . . . anything might happen. But if they were successful——

She met them on the terrace and at meal times, pleasant, charming men for the most part. They were very kind to her, very considerate, but pre-occupied. Big things were on the move. Code messages arrived and were despatched all day and night. The weeks dragged by. She overheard occasional remarks which gave her an inkling of development. There appeared to be trouble in South Russia and the Balkans. There would be, of course. Joachim and Ulrich were very active over this. Someone was being squeezed out. The operation appeared to be conducted through a process of buying and selling stock on the Vienna stock exchange. It was all quite incomprehensible. At the end of the third week two more men appeared; one a German, the other an Albanian. They were initiated into the mysteries. Once she heard one of them remark: "The Dutch are obstinate." She knew they would be. Her heart went out to the Dutch. Then the crushing process began on Amsterdam. Someone else was superseded. It seemed horrible. The whole earth was being cleaned up. And all the time Julius Trevanna and Jonkers were playing some game of their own. Before the others, they did not appear very intimate, but Lena knew that Julius invariably visited Jonkers in his room at night after the others had retired. There was a private telephone and wireless service there. One night she tried to listen at the keyhole. She could hear them talking, but could not hear what they said. And suddenly the door opened and Julius came out. He caught hold of her arm and hurt her.

"What the devil are you doing?" he muttered, and he flung her across the passage.

That night she did not sleep.

The next day she sought out Ulrich. She managed to detach him from a group on the terrace. She whispered:

"Mr. Ulrich, may I have a private word with you?"

"Why, certainly, dear lady."

"Will you come to the end of the second orchid house in ten minutes' time?"

When he came she could not get her breath. She was terrified. She felt sure Julius would know. If she betrayed him, he would kill her. She said:

"Mr. Ulrich, forgive me. I am worried. I know you are good—you are all good men. But this power you are wielding—suppose one day this power should . . . . get into the hands of someone who is not good?"

Mr. Ulrich looked at her kindly, and patted her hand.

"My dear lady," he answered, "you are quite right. And we are taking every precaution. As a matter of fact, the combination can only exist while it is a moral force. You may be sure that immediately it began to be abused humanity would turn and rend it. Our ambition is to keep it dark for many years until its activities have produced concrete results."

"You mean to say that the world won't know it has been stopped?"

He laughed.

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"But suppose—suppose someone *inside* abused it."

"There is a slight risk of that, of course. But he would have to be wonderfully astute to deceive Ah Sing Fu and—some of the others. Has anyone arrived at the conference whose character you suspect?"

"No."

"There, there, you must not distress yourself, Mrs. Trevanna. Everything is going on splendidly. The meeting has exceeded my wildest anticipations."

A messenger came seeking him. The conference was in session. Lena ordered the car and told the chauffeur to drive fast. She wanted air. The heat was getting unbearable. On her return the party were again on the terrace. They seemed in very good spirits. She heard Joachim say:

"On Thursday, then, we will sign."

Ulrich replied: "Yes. If the reply from Brotzel is satisfactory."

She moved among them, and with shy diffidence presided at the silver tea urn. The men were all laughing and joking. Joachim suddenly slapped his leg.

"I have it! I have it! I know what we must do," he exclaimed.

"What is that?"

"We must film it."

"Film what?"

"Thursday. It must go down to posterity. The day when the Conference was signed. All the incidents of the day. The members signing—having tea, talking, enjoying the special delights of Mrs. Trevanna's hospitality."

Ulrich nodded sagely.

"There would be no objection, I'm sure, provided that the films were not released for many years."

"Naturally. What do you say, gentlemen?"

No one objected, although Ah Sing Fu seemed to consider it a superfluous indignity. Rather trivial; nevertheless, he nodded acquiescence. Jonkers smiled cynically.

"Yes, of course. Very good. You must be in this, too, Mrs. Trevanna. Wife of British delegate ministering to her husband, eh?"

The suggestion was greeted with shouts of approval. Lena frowned and felt uncomfortable. What a mockery! And all these years she had wanted to play—now, "the wife of British delegate ministering to his wants." The future generations would never know. No one would know except Jonkers, mocking and sneering behind his black moustache. How unbearable! What could she do to stop it all?

On the Wednesday news came that Brotzel—whoever he was—had been won to the cause. The coast was clear. The next day the Conference would sign and break up. The world would begin to stop.

That night Lena slept for an hour, and then awoke with a start. She arose and went to the window. She pressed her temples against the pane. The heat was intolerable. She looked out into the park. Nothing stirred. Everything was unnaturally still. The silence was oppressive. "The world has stopped . . . . the world has stopped," she thought. "Nothing will ever happen again. There will be no more love, no more romance—only make-believe. It will get hotter and hotter. The sun will scorch it to a cinder, and the other side will freeze. Everyone will die, and either burn up or freeze. Nothing will matter.

Nothing will have any value. It will all be as though it had never existed. Perhaps it never did exist. Perhaps it's just a dream—a film."

Suddenly burying her face in her hands, she muttered:

"Oh God! give me power to be real—just once."

The day dawned clear and hot. The terrace glittered with sunlight and crisp shadows. An excellent day for "shooting." The operators were already busy in the park. She could see Joachim laughing and striking preposterous attitudes. Ah Sing Fu fanning himself unconcernedly. A small party having breakfast on the terrace. Ulrich talking quietly and authoritatively. Where was Julius Trevanna? Ah! the inevitable cigar. He strolls—or rather rolls—like a bloated elephant to the easy chair to put his feet up, a newspaper tucked under his arm. A breakfast tray on a table by his left side, the plates and knives dishevelled. He has been for the paper. He looks irritable and bored. A fat band of flesh bulges above his collar. His thick lips are sucking at the cigar.

Down she goes. The sunlight blinds and dizzies her. She could almost faint with that first step into the light. Nervousness, a kind of stage-fright, perhaps. Very, very slowly, like a cat, she creeps across the terrace. A little man by the top of the steps is watching her, and she is pleased. Years and years go by before she reaches the table, but it doesn't matter because the world has stopped. Her actions become slower and slower, and more mechanical. She takes ages to choose the knife in such a collection. The butter-knife would be foolish—possibly ineffective. The bread-knife? No, that sharp, busy little thing so useful for cutting ham. Cutting ham! She laughs inaudibly, but Julius does not stir. The aggressive line of fat above the collar entices her. She is conscious of her face clean cut in profile, expressing a real emotion that shall go down to posterity, of the deliberate grace of her posture as she slowly raises her arm and—thrusts downwards above the collar, and of the voice of the little man at the top of the steps:

"That's right, Mrs. Trevanna, not too fast. Hold it! Fine . . . fine . . . My God! what have you done!"

. . . The first big part Julius Trevanna had ever given her an opportunity to play.

British Snipers (i)

An Account of the Training and Organisation of Snipers in the British Armies in France

By Major E. Penberthy

The Former Commandant of the Third Army Sniping School

In the early days of the war, when reports of German "sniping" began to be published, it was commonly considered a "dirty" method of fighting and as not "playing the game."

Sniping in some form or other has usually developed in every great war since the invention of firearms. Austrian sharpshooters were used against the soldiers of Frederick the Great, and were so effective that at times the ex-Kaiser's ancestor found it difficult to bring his Hussars, armed only with short sabres, out of their camps. This led to the formation in the Prussian Army of Jager battalions, recruited from *hunting districts*, because professional hunters had not only the necessary skill in marksmanship but also the courage, good eyesight, powers of observation, knowledge of stalking, and the use of cover which the successful sniper must possess.

That is why at the beginning of the war the enemy was well equipped with expert snipers.

The British Armies had no units with such special training or organisation until steps were taken in France to train and organise our snipers.

In 1914 the circumstantial reports of the deadly work done by the Boche snipers gave the world the impression that German soldiers were better shots than we were. The German *never was* a better shot, or even as good a shot, as the Britisher.

It was the better shooting and the superior manipulation of their rifles by the "Old Contemptibles" that enabled the British Army to "walk backwards" from Mons in perfect order and discipline until the enemy was effectively checked. But the shooting done by Lord French's old Army was not sniping, it was *controlled* fire. It was done by sections and platoons at the word of command. Targets

and ranges were *indicated* and fire orders given. And the result was such a torrent of well aimed and well directed bullets against masses of the enemy that captured German officers stated their belief that every British Tommy was armed with a light machine gun.

But we had no *snipers*, men specially selected and trained to find small and indistinct targets, to shoot at them on their own individual initiative and be sure to kill at the first shot.

When both sides settled down to trench warfare, the Boche sniper showed the value of his special training. Often behind his trench line as well as in it, and from cunningly constructed and concealed posts, he kept a vigilant watch on our lines. He picked off sentries and observers, who carelessly or sometimes unavoidably exposed themselves.

Many officers were picked off when carrying out the dangerous but essential duty of making a daylight reconnaissance until at last the Boche sniper dominated our trenches and No Man's Land so effectively that it became urgently necessary to take steps to deal with him.

At first this form of warfare appealed most strongly to those battalions which possessed keen hunters amongst officers and men. That is why snipers were first organised most effectively in the Canadian and Highland regiments.

On one occasion several runners had been sniped, and at last Major Garnet Hughes (now General) went round to the cook-house and called the cook, a man noted for his marksmanship and a winner of the D.C.M. in South Africa. He said, "Take your rifle and shut up that sniper." The cook dropped his spoon and was away some twenty minutes. He came back with a grim smile, and the Hun sniper was silent for ever.

One of the finest snipers I ever met was a full-blooded Red Indian—John Ballantyne. He applied all the methods of the chase, so familiar to him in his beloved Canadian forests, to hunting the Boche sniper. He had been known to wait patiently for seven days in a wonderfully prepared and concealed sniper's post for a valuable target—a Hun officer, whom he finally killed.

Opposite the front of one Canadian battalion there was a particularly clever sniper. For a long time he defied us to discover his lair, all the while taking toll of officers and

men. At last, by persistent and systematic observation, he was discovered, but so well was his lair protected that ordinary rifle fire could not silence him. At last the help of the gunners was sought, an eighteen-pounder was detailed to help, and the sniper was driven out, but not killed. I believe his bag up to that time had been two officers and seven men. He soon began operations from another well concealed post. This was found by careful and patient observation, and he was again shelled and driven out. Some days later he resumed his sniping, and this time while the Artillery shelled his new post our snipers waited for his appearance and got him. He had probably been worth more to the Germans than a battery of field guns in the same time.

So the system went on in our ranks of selecting men whose pre-war occupation, or recreation, specially qualified them to be snipers. It spread from one battalion to another. If the Commanding Officer was keen on sniping, or if the sector was much bothered by enemy snipers, a dozen men might be detached for this duty. Other battalions were content with one or two.

I have known cases where the doctor and even the padre were with difficulty restrained, as non-combatants, from taking a hand in this fascinating game of hunting the Boche.

Very soon many privately-owned weapons began to appear in the trenches—sporting rifles of various patterns and calibre. By the irony of fate, one privately-owned rifle, fitted with a telescopic sight, which did great execution in the hands of a sniping officer of the Staffords, was a pre-war gift by the ex-Kaiser to a well-known British General.

On Hill 60, in 1915, I remember a young officer who was not altogether innocent of "eye-wash" telling me that he had killed several Huns by the simple method of firing through the enemy's sandbag breastworks with a Rigby express rifle. He could not see his targets, so I asked him how he could tell when he scored a hit. "Oh," he said, "those trenches are very wet and I hear the bodies splash when they fall into the water."

In spite of all the steps taken against the Hun snipers, these were only slightly diminished in numbers and not suppressed. A revision of methods and further organisation became necessary, and some experienced officers were

selected to study the problem and make suggestions. One of the first things noted was that a large number of men had been selected as snipers who were totally unfitted for the work. In order to carry out his duties, the sniper was allowed a great deal of freedom. He could wander about the trenches, selecting suitable posts from which to observe and shoot, and he was naturally excused a great many irksome tasks which the ordinary soldier had to do as a matter of routine. A sniper, therefore, came to be regarded by observant but not too energetic soldiers as a man with a soft job, and there were naturally many seekers after these posts. In the trenches, the opportunities of testing a man's ability for this special work, especially in marksmanship, were very limited, and many soldiers were given the appointment who had no idea of the job. Amongst this type were found those who sent in glowing reports as to the number of "kills" they made every day. As there were few means of checking such statements, these had either to be accepted, without proof, as genuine or disbelieved altogether. In one battalion a sniper I knew generally headed his daily report something like this :—

"SIR,

"I have the honour to report that six little wooden crosses will be required in the Hun trenches this evening, making a total of 11 this week.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"No. ——, Pte. ——, etc., Sniper."

As the Hun snipers on this front persisted just as strongly in spite of this man's supposed heavy execution, the Brigadier finally sent a message to the C.O. saying: "In future the left ears of all Huns killed by Pte. —— will be attached to his reports, please."

It became necessary to organise and sort out these free-lances, to supervise their methods and check their results, and provide them with special training. The first thing they had to learn was how to find their targets. It was quite a common thing in so-called "quiet" sectors for men to be in the trenches for six months without seeing a Hun. and the difficulty of finding a casual head or a loop-hole can be imagined.

To train these men, some keen young officer was selected in each battalion. Sometimes he was detached from his company and did nothing else, although it was a very long time before he was given the status of an officer

doing special duties and allowed for on the establishment. That finally came in 1918.

This officer was responsible for selecting the right sort of men, for supervising their duties when in the trenches and training them when out of the trenches He was known as the "Sniping Officer" at first.

As time went on it was realised that if a sniper was doing his duty properly by keeping his front under continual observation and being ready to fire on enemy snipers or observers, or anyone else who exposed himself, he must also see a host of other happenings. Although these were not directly bearing on his work as a sniper, they would, if reported to the proper quarter, provide valuable and continuous information about the enemy.

Consequently, snipers were now trained to write detailed reports on what they had observed during their tour of duty. These details were recorded in a report by the Sniping Officer, who now became more generally known as the Battalion "Intelligence" Officer.

By this system of reports snipers were able to provide information about such extremely important matters as the identification of the enemy on any front, the time and method of reliefs, the presence of mining operations, and so on. Trench warfare may be said to have brought this system of collecting Intelligence into existence, and the sniper became the machinery for carrying it out.

In December, 1915, a school for training snipers and Intelligence officers was started near Ypres by the Second Army, with such excellent results that similar schools were soon established for all the other Armies in France.

As there was no previous model on which these schools could be framed, their methods of training had to be based upon actual experience in the field and continually modified to suit new conditions. At first the shooting was considered the main thing, but later, when the importance of observation was realised, they became schools of "Scouting, Observation and Sniping."

At these Army Schools all the students were tested first on the ranges as marksmen. If they failed in that test they had either to have good qualifications as observers or scouts or rejoin their units. In a number of cases, if a man were an indifferent shot, but was very good at Observation, making sketches or map-drawing, he was earmarked for

such duties and usually found special work of this kind to do at the Brigade or Divisional H.Q., where marksmanship was of secondary importance. This helped more than anything to eliminate the "lead-swinger" from the snipers' ranks.

It is interesting to note that experience showed us that a good "competition" shot of, say, a high Bisley Meeting standard did not necessarily make a good sniper. There is the width of the world between the leisurely peace time business of firing at a distinct target at a known or easily calculated range, after studying wind, temperature, mirage, light, the error of the day, and all the mysteries which make the Bisley Meetings such a pure delight to the "pot-hunter," and getting one quick and accurate shot at such almost invisible and momentary targets as the Boches presented in trench warfare. The fact also that in many cases the Boche was shooting too made it a short, sharp duel, the winner being he who got his shot in first, and the loser probably losing his life as well as the trick. The realisation of this called for nerve and courage of a high order. All the same, old snipers will tell you that it was this very risk which gave "the game," as they called it, its great fascination.

At these schools men who were proved good shots were shown how to construct and conceal snipers' posts—some for shooting from and others purely for observation; and because when they were in the line this work had to be done at night, much of the training was carried out in darkness and perfect silence.

Compared with the average Boche post of a similar character which I have inspected since November, 1918, we were certainly not behind the Germans in this respect. The use of "camouflage" was also practically illustrated. Demonstrations were given in the use of such devices as snipers' suits painted to merge into grounds of different colours; dummy heads for exposing above the trenches and drawing Hun snipers' fire in order to detect his position by flash or smoke of his rifle; white suits for use by night patrols when snow lay on the ground, and many other clever ideas for protecting the sniper or observer when he had to expose himself to enemy view. The Boche, of course, used many similar devices, but I think we beat him at the game.

(To be continued.)

Heroes While You Wait

By Richard Whiteing

The fashionable test of modern progress is the scale on which things are done, the mass of the output. Resources were so limited in the old days: manual labour or stagnation, take your choice; now it is all machinery, with a thousand hands to a throb. From a pin to a palace there is no need to trouble Aladdin's slave of the lamp, or slave of the ring. Countless houses by the week or month, where before it was but one. There are the improvements, of course, such as the bath in the kitchen which sometimes comes in handy as a coal-cellar. It is the same with everything, shops, ships in concrete warranted to stand one storm; the head spins with the thought of it.

The most impressive case is the unfailing supply of heroes for the more enterprising of the daily papers. Byron, no doubt, thought he might claim poetic privilege for exaggeration with his:

> "I want a hero: an uncommon want,
> When every year, and month, sends forth a new one."

Year and month quotha! Now it is at least a round dozen for every four-and-twenty hours. The snapshot aiding, the demand is a fresh galaxy of genius in all the arts. Poor Carlyle, with his scanty list that you might all but count with one hand with the other for the reckoner—'the hero, as Divinity, as Prophet, as Poet, as Priest, as Man of Letters, as King'; and there you were for all the centuries of the survey—was sadly to seek for what we should now regard as the balance of demand and supply. If the quantity is not always at the same level, we know how to console ourselves with the averages. To-morrow may atone for to-day. The customer will no longer be fobbed off with the slow processes of Nature, hobbling along with a first-class only once or so in a way—Spinoza, for instance, and then whole generations still waiting for the next. It is a pity that we cannot as yet produce a great human being by simply rolling up a number of small ones. What an asset of mind and

soul we should have in that "God intoxicated man." The 'categorical imperative' in the whole matter is that the papers are with us twice a day, many of them under the sovereign obligation of discovering enough genius to pass muster for their insatiate needs. They are hard put to it, now and then, with only the 'Stop Press' for their last ditch, and a mere 'Jockey as Hero,' with his blazon in the list of 'all the winners.' But 'tis done.

Here, at any rate, is what they offer us now. "Mr. —— and Miss ——, and *Tiger! Tiger!*" What can it mean? 'Stars' as a matter of course, but only because one of the characters has had an intrigue with a cook, without knowing anything of her calling, and cuts her incontinently when he learns the awful secret. The allusion to the wild beast is to let us know the lawless ferocity of his nature under a calm exterior. Would not 'Sheep! sheep!' have done just as well? 'Tis the stuff that dreams are made of, but it has to be puff, puff, puffed to give it the semblance of life. If that fails to catch on, try this. 'Poppy'—— is a lady, with a great future. She wants only the right medium to become a great screen artist; and she has just completed leading parts in *A Great Coup* and *A Dead Certainty*. "The picture is full of stunts, and Poppy had to take a purler no less than five times from a motor bicycle." You are fastidious as to the phrasing: well, will this do? "*Jane Goes a Wooing*. Here's wishing her luck! V. —— plays Jane, and the famous —— releases her. Jane is a typist with a great passion for building castles in the air, and chewing gum. She is loved by two men"—and so on, and so on. Surely a promise of the right thing at last! If not, we have only to call up our reserves. "—— has a principal part in *The Little Whoppers* at the Shaftesbury—portrait. —— in *Come out of the Kitchen*"—sketch. "—— has never been so fine." Another issue, and on we go, this time with a sort of conscription at the expense of the audience. "*The Grain of Mustard Seed*, the political play at the Ambassadors, has drawn all sorts of celebrities. Here are some of the people Tom Titt saw when he paid a visit to the theatre. Lord and Lady Askwith, Lord Beaverbrook, Lady Mainwaring, Earl of Lathom, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Sir Alfred and Lady Mond, Mr. E. S. Montagu, Lady Dudley, Mr. S. Samuel, M.P., and Mr.

R. D. Morris, M.P." But on and for ever onward: "Screen gods and the Indians. Natives bow before Charlie Chaplin." This new project is colossal—India to be filmed! Our poor make-believe of an old, old world to be outdone. Hitherto the Indian fellow-subject has been treated to a mere hash-up of our European manners and customs on the screen. And what must he think of them with their elopements, divorces, and polygamies without the sanction of the law? Now he is to have himself for his subject. A native has already filmed "the great god Siva with Parmati, his wife, and Krishna descending from the skies amid gigantic thunderclouds. Lightning flames and flickers around them." The cheap seats take it for a divine apparition, and leap to their feet with cries of 'Siva our refuge. O kind one!' making reverent obeisance, and raining flowers towards the screen. Some bring camphor to burn before the gods.

The craving for notoriety is so intense that where the stock of homage to beauty gives out there is a contest for primacy in ugliness—some kind of competition for the prize of an engagement in which, as some of the contestants construe it, toothless gums may be backed against a squint and a snub nose. Forlorn creatures struggle for the title of the 'most hideous woman in the world.' It seems against Nature, but there's money in it, if nothing more.

Here is the sequel:—

"UGLY FILM STAR TEST.

"The successful competitor in the 'ugly film star' test is Miss ——, Crouch End, N. Miss —— need not feel at all hurt about it. It was not so much her looks as her remarkable powers of facial expression and capacity for dramatic acting that influenced the decision of the judges yesterday. She combines an absence of conventional beauty with intelligence and what may, perhaps, be called 'film ability.' The five survivors of over 400 applicants were tested yesterday in St. James's Park, where they were requested to act—in the full public eye—the following short incident:

"Archibald on a seat with Dora, a pretty girl. They talk intimately. Agatha, a homely maiden, who has an appointment with her lover, Archibald, approaches. She does

not, at first, see Dora. Agatha registers pleasure, then, as she sees Dora, surprise, suspicion, jealousy. She advances and speaks. The two jump up and face her at the sound of her first word.

"A few lines of dramatic dialogue follow.

"Miss ——, who was unanimously selected by the judges, gave a clever little performance, and will now be engaged to take part in a film."

In the *Tiger! Tiger!* above mentioned—another variety of horror pitchforked into the American-made version of Barrie's truly admirable *Admirable Crichton*—we are gravely assured that the Heroine as Actress, to put it in the Carlylean way, rehearses for the thrill with a real live beast. In due course comes its hot breath on her shoulder as it begins to feel peckish, and the fall of a heavy paw. "A shiver would have drawn the cruel curved claws from their sheath." The artiste, however, remains "rigid as marble," until, as the strain nears breaking point, the keepers come to the rescue. "The scene was finished and a new sensation procured for picture-goers." It seems another case for Othello's "Are there no stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder? Precious villain!" Apparently the answer is in the negative.

So heroes, while you wait, though it ministers to a pressing need of the million, entails a heavy burden. Can we keep it up? The two great periods of flowering heroism, in ancient Greece and the Renaissance, have hitherto held the palm. But what are these to the crop of heroes per day required for modern production. Is it not possible that we may be living on our capital, and nearing a mere reaction of national mentality which bodes the most heartrending consequences? If eight tailors do not make the ordinary man, eighty, or for that matter eight hundred, may fail to yield from any of us a single specimen of the old breed. This slobber of absurdity over every trumpery incident of stage life may turn out to be only the 'way not to do it,' after all.

Karl Marx and Revolution

By C. Delisle Burns

THE books which have moved men to action are very few; but Karl Marx's *Capital* is one of them. Its governing ideas have become the basis for what is almost a religion; and men love or hate the work and influence of Marx with as much frenzy now as men of old loved or hated the founder of a religion. The man himself is becoming a figure of myth. He is presented by some as a proletarian deity, by others as the devil incarnate, and even those educated at our older universities have heard of him. A rumour of his name, as that of a dangerous Hun, has reached the War Office; and doubtless the Home Office has asked the police to be on the look-out lest he might leave his internment at Highgate. But he has somehow escaped the vigilance of Governments, and, though long dead, is a more powerful enemy of the established order than many living rhetoricians.

It will please no one if Marx is neither praised nor blamed; but exposition and refutation of his doctrine have been attempted already many times; and therefore the problem now to be considered is the character and quality of his influence in view of the social crises which appear to be approaching, for this dead German (whose economic materialism lies buried at Highgate) has set the world ablaze: he rules in Russia and in Germany, and there is elsewhere the whisper of his coming.

The very large book which he wrote has led most commentators so completely astray that one hesitates to suggest what seems to be the real reason for its influence. It is on the surface a treatise on economics. For anyone who wishes to refute it, the most barren materialism can be found in it combined with the most futile economic calculus. For a profound admirer, on the other hand, it contains a gospel of social evolution: but its real power seems

to be due to the masterly accumulation of damning evidence against the system which the learned and the privileged have conspired to acclaim. No one who reads *Capital* without prejudice can fail to be impressed with the earnest humanity of the writer and with his irrefutable evidence against the industrial system. It may be said that his economic and historical interpretation of the evidence is wrong; but no one else has yet offered a better interpretation, partly, no doubt, because no one has yet dared to face such evidence.

Secondly, the power of Marx lies in his ability to envisage an alternative to the system he describes. Suppose that the alternative is unrealisable: and yet the many economists who have "refuted" Marx have not yet contrived to imagine a better, partly because they have no imagination at all. Thirdly, the power of Marx is due to the keenness of his reasoning; for he is usually recognised as the founder of scientific as opposed to sentimental Socialism. Suppose, however, that his argument is as confusing as William Morris found it to be; suppose that his reasoning is mistaken; it is nevertheless vivid and eager, not the pale, vague, logic-chopping of the economists who have refuted him. Therefore his power over men has survived all his mistakes and limitations.

All Marxians believe in the three leading ideas of their master: economic materialism, surplus value, and the class war—Amen! But it is unnecessary here to discuss these, except in so far as they involve a criticism of existing society and a conception of a better social order. Economic materialism is misleading if it is taken as the only guide to history, for obviously many changes have been due to ideals which cannot by any legitimate use of words be called materialist. Nevertheless, Marx has been useful in proving that there is an important economic aspect in all social change. The romance of the Middle Ages hides a very sordid economic struggle, and the glory and pomp of history are more misleading than any materialism. As for surplus value, Marx may be wrong in his analysis of supply and demand or his implied belief that the surplus is got for nothing by the small caste of the private owners of capital; but he is not wrong in his belief that the private ownership of capital and the control by the few of the lives of the

many is the most important source of social evils at present. His description of that evil is sufficiently biting. Take as an example his statement of the control exercised by private capital over the lives of the workers:

"Time for education, for intellectual development, for the fulfilling of social functions and for social intercourse, for the free play of his bodily and mental activity—moonshine! But in its blind, unrestrainable passion, its werewolf hunger for surplus labour, capital oversteps not only the moral but even the merely physical maximum bounds of the working day.

"It usurps the time for growth, development, and healthy maintenance of the body. It higgles over a mealtime, incorporating it where possible with the process of production itself, so that food is given to the labourer as to a mere means of production, as coal is supplied to the boiler, grease and oil to the machinery. It reduces the sound sleep needed for the restoration, reparation, refreshment of the bodily power to just so many hours of torpor as the revival of an organism, absolutely exhausted, renders essential. It is not the normal maintenance of the labour power which is to determine the limit of the working day; it is the greatest possible daily expenditure of labour power, no matter how diseased, compulsory, and painful it may be, which is to determine the labourers' period of repose. Capital cares nothing for the length of life of labour power. All that concerns it is simply and solely the maximum of labour power that can be rendered fluent in a working day. It attains this end by shortening the extent of the labourers' life, as a greedy farmer snatches increased produce from the soil by robbing it of its fertility. . . Capital extends the labourer's time of production during a given period by shortening his actual lifetime."*

Capital has in the imagination of Marx become a living thing. "Surplus labour population is a necessary product of accumulation or of the development of wealth on a capitalist basis. . . . It forms the disposable industrial reserve army that belongs to capital quite as absolutely as if the latter had bred it at its own cost."† Such vivid rendering of the evil would be effective quite apart from the

* *Capital*, vol. i., p. 249.
† *Ibid*, vol. ii., p. 646.

weight of the argument behind it; but the argument itself is effective, not because of its economic theory, but because the evidence lending it force is drawn from historical records, official reports, and recognised authorities. Thus the attack of Marx on the existing social system is in fact irresistible, whatever abstract reasoning may refute.

Apart from his economic and historical teaching, his work is associated with the founding of the Workers' International, the development of the Social Democratic Party, and the advocacy of the Class War as a method. All these live on in Europe to-day. There was a strange international of Governments at Paris in a Peace Conference where the international regulation of hours and conditions of labour were discussed; while another, a Socialist international, met at Berne, and another of Trade Unionists at Amsterdam. All these internationals may be traced back to Marx. The Social Democratic Party of Germany now has control of the German peoples; and in Russia the only Government so far proved stable since the Revolution of 1917 is confessedly Marxian. So the man lives in the practical politics of to-day as well as in the ideals of those who desire to transform society.

The method by which the inevitable end of Capitalism was to be achieved was, according to Marx, the Class War. This has come to be thought the revolutionary method *par excellence*, and the phrase terrifies the old ladies more than any other. But in the matter of mere interpretation there has been considerable misunderstanding. First, the Class War is never conceived by Marx to be an end or purpose for action. The revolution for him, as for the other great revolutionaries, is the new social principle working in a radical change of social structure. The most important stage in the revolution, therefore, is the establishment and organisation of a new order; and this is recognised to be a task of high intelligence and much toil, in which the eloquence of agitators is useless. Thus Lenin, a faithful follower of Marx, said in his speech of April, 1918: "The most important and difficult side of the Socialist revolution is the problem of organisation." Secondly, the Class War is not an invention of Karl Marx. He simply points out the existence in society of an actual situation which is a class war. The war is being waged, whether we like the

phrase or not, so long as the rich and the privileged are grouped against the rest for the preservation of their position. That those who have suffered defeat so far in this war are dumb and unrecognised by historians is no excuse for supposing them to have been willing victims to Output and Wealth. Mr. Hammond has clearly shown how in England the war of the rich against the poor has depopulated the country and degraded the town.* What Marx did was to urge the vanquished to unite for a last effort which was to secure victory for them; and that is how he has been understood in the practical policy of the Russian Bolsheviks.

So far the statement of reasons for Marx's influence may be carried, but the enduring character of that influence cannot be understood unless we look for ourselves directly at the problems to which Marx directed attention.

In order to appreciate his influence one must omit the problem of surplus value and omit all disputes as to labour unrest or wicked agitators. It is necessary to look at the facts as they can be seen in any city and in most rural districts. Ninety out of every hundred adults in England are workers with their hands. Most of these are living in districts and in houses which make their free and healthy development difficult if not impossible. Twenty-three out of every hundred live below the poverty line—that is to say, they are so ill-clothed, so badly housed, and so underfed that they die or are racked with premature pains before they are fifty years of age. Their children die like flies in winter. The short and meagre lives of parents and children are a savage hunt for mere food and clothing and shelter, without time or energy for the things of the spirit. Yet these men and women are producing or distributing food, clothing, and the luxuries which they cannot afford to obtain for themselves. This, Marx says, is the "cost of production." This is the result of the ability and enterprise which is "private" and is so often contrasted with the supposed inadequacy of public service. It is true, he would admit, that we have secured production and distribution of a kind; the economic organisation in existence has therefore had some good results; but the cost is what is in question. That cost in human life and happiness is too

* *The Village Labourer, the Town Labourer, the Skilled Labourer.*

great for us to be satisfied to pay it. "For a full elucidation of the law of accumulation," says Marx, "the condition of the labourer outside the workshop must be looked at, his condition as to food and dwelling."* Once men said that civilisation could not exist without slaves; now men say that it cannot exist without the poor; but the question then arises whether it is worth while for the majority who suffer to acquiesce at all any longer. If, however, there is already some good in the system, why does Marx believe that the evil cannot be eradicated without a radical transformation of society? No man, he might argue, is able to say that it is utterly impossible to destroy poverty without destroying private capitalism. Nothing can be called absolutely impossible; but we must judge from the evidence at our disposal, and this shows that nothing but a radical transformation will do. For what is the origin of the evil we have named? If housing is bad, if houses are too few and dilapidated, has not 90 per cent. of the housing been provided by private enterprise? Private enterprise has miserably failed to supply us with beautiful towns and spacious homes; but the building trade cannot be blamed, for those who had to build the houses had to live and so had those who inhabited them. The cost of building a good house could not be borne if the rent were not large; and the rent could not be larger because the wages were low. The evil is essential to the system.

Benevolent old gentlemen give money derived from the profits on cheap labour to educate and elevate the labourers. "Aristocracy," as Marx puts it, "waves the proletarian alms-bag in front for a banner."† Perhaps the labourers would not elevate themselves if the money were given in wages and not in charity: and the benevolent old gentlemen quite conscientiously believe they are doing what is best. They like the "responsibilities" of wealth; and it is entirely unpractical to argue that the workers would do better for themselves if they were given the money in wages, part of which is kindly offered in charity. It is unpractical to argue thus, because there is no chance of persuading those who control not to control. The only practical solution, therefore, is radical. It is to make it

* *Capital*, vol. ii., p. 669.
† *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, p. 23.

impossible for them to control: and that is to transform the system of production and distribution.

The alternative which Marx set before his followers was a new and better order in which the production and distribution of commodities would be a social service, organised in the best interests of all members of society. It cannot be better described than in Marx's own words:

"Let us picture a community of free individuals carrying on their work with the means of production in common, in which the labour power of all the different individuals is consciously applied as the combined labour power of the community. . . . The total product of our community is a social product. One portion serves as fresh means of production, and remains social. But another portion is consumed by the members as means of subsistence. A distribution of this portion among them is consequently necessary. The mode of this distribution will vary with the productive organisation of the community and the degree of historical development attained by the producers. . . . . The social relations of the individual producers, both with regard to their labour and to its products, are in this case perfectly simple and intelligible, both with respect to production and to distribution."*

The abstract question of State Socialism as an ideal should not be an obstacle to the understanding of the main point in the argument. That main point is that the organised community should control economic processes; but in actual life there is no organised community in which public service is recognised as the basis for action except the State. The State, therefore, represents the community in the eyes of the Marxians, and, indeed, practically there is no other organised community to which economic services can be committed if it is desired at present to take those services out of the control of private or group interest. Marx was wrong, as Rousseau and Hegel were wrong, in supposing that the State and the community can be identified; for the State is a community organised only for one particular purpose—political order and liberty; and although the other forms of community organisation are not so fully developed, probably they will be in the future. On the other hand, Marx was right in supposing that the basis of

* *Capital*, vol i., p. 50, Eng. trans.

economic organisation should be the idea or sense of public service; for no civilised organisation can depend upon the contending interest of groups. The idea of a balance of opposing forces as the true basis for individual liberty and social justice is primitive and mistaken; and if Guild Socialism, as compared with State Socialism, implies this balance, it is much worse than State Socialism.

As for the method by which the new control and organisation of industry may be attained in our own day and in an elaborate society, in which the new order may be brought into being, the problem, as Marx says, needs careful thought. The word "revolution" has an ill-omened sound to anyone acquainted with the history of the past. It is true that it may mean only a change which is radical and rapid; but it may also mean confusion in which even those whose sufferings demanded revolution have to endure still greater suffering; and we ought to think, not of abstract ruling classes and impoverished masses, but of men and women and children. The change they need must bring to them food and clothing and shelter, and more happiness and freedom of mind; and any change designed thus to increase happiness by fundamentally transforming the structure of society must be so devised that no collapse or confusion, even accidentally, results. The danger in a revolution does not arise from the intentions of the revolutionaries, but from the unforeseen effects which follow on a radical change of habit and custom. Thus Marx set himself to analyse the essential characteristics of industrial society.

We have, indeed, evidence of the danger in an absence of thought or plan. The greatest social transformation of history was undesigned. It followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. Then the powerful were dethroned, the wealthy killed or impoverished, the established order disappeared; and with it went the old daily customs of which the lives of men and women were chiefly composed. The old was bad; but the new was worse. Following on the fifth century of our era, when the sturdy barbarians so admired by our grandfathers were being "converted to Christianity," warlike and murderous enterprises were being followed by famines, and these again by plagues; and it was not until the Roman ideal began to rise out of

its grave that civilisation was secured. Had the transformation been less radical or more reasoned, less would have been lost, and the results would have been better.

What is needed now is a change radical enough to abolish the familiar and ancient evil of poverty and dependence on the private caprice of others; but the change must not be so radical as to create an occasion for violence and confusion. Unless the change is radical there is no hope of a new world of free men living finely; for patchwork cannot hold the rotten timbers together. There are limits, however, to the change which it is wise to attempt to establish. We should not confuse the means with the end, and the end is not the mere abolition of the existing order, but the development of a new order in its place. The end, in concrete terms, is the supply and distribution of commodities without the waste of energy and material at present involved; it is the finding of a place for every man and woman in which each can add his best to the common store.

What is needed is not destruction, but a new organisation, which, as Marx supposed, will be a natural or inevitable consequence of the old. Capitalism does not, in fact, give birth to co-operative production and distribution, although there may be a change from Private Capitalism to State Capitalism. The fact that the units of economic organisation are greater does not change the spirit in which that organisation is controlled; and the transference of "big business" to the State may only infect the State with the selfishness and greed which are the evils which Marx found in private capitalists. The State now seems to compare well with private enterprise, at least as far as the motive of its organisation and action is concerned; but State Socialism may only mean that the State itself is degraded to the moral level of what is most objectionable in business. Even the State may be run to pay.

This, however, is not what Marx intended. He saw that as capitalist organisation grew larger a greater number of persons became producers without control and a smaller number held always more control. He argued, therefore, that the next step inevitably would be that the organisers as well as the other producers would take over the control

from the functionless few. His state was the industrial Community.

Apart, however, from his economics and history, what is most effective now in Marx is his general attitude, which implies that the most important fact of contemporary life is the impoverishment, enslavement, suffering, and premature death of most of the population in every civilised country. This, he might say, and not the amount of war-debt or the guilt of the Kaiser, should be what attracts attention. This fact, and not the vagaries of commerce or the economics of production, should be the great subject for social theorists and practical politicians. Marx, when he omits formulas and writes with passion of actual men and women, is a better scientist; for the fundamental facts cannot be expressed in the terms of any formula.

Marx is also effective because of another assumption, implied in his fundamental attitude—the assumption that the cure of these social evils must involve a radical transformation of society. The transformation may occur in the natural process of the development of social organisation, and in any case the betterment of society must be based upon the natural process; but the ultimate question is as to the kind of world we desire to inhabit. No generous and intelligent human being desires anything less than a complete transformation to abolish those evils which mere benevolence within the established system cannot cure. The end we have in view is an England, and indeed a world, where men are free from the physical want and the trivial cares which make life poor and brutish—a country of free men in a world at peace.

The Case of Mr. H. A. Barker

By the Rev. J. L. Walton, M.A.

EARLY in this year a petition was addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, praying him to confer the Lambeth degree of M.D. (*honoris causa*) upon Mr. H. A. Barker, the well-known manipulative surgeon of Park Lane. The petition was not successful.

If the petition had been an ordinary one, or the person sought to be honoured an ordinary person, the result need not have occasioned any comment; but it so happens that Mr. Barker's work is known and appreciated throughout the Empire, and the petition, by reason of the position and qualifications of the signatories, was altogether unprecedented.

Now, there are four propositions in reference thereto which are well worthy of discussion:

1. What is the nature of this work which has gained for Mr. Barker a world-wide reputation without parallel?

2. Why was it sought to procure for him the qualification of M.D.?

3. Why should such influential men append their signatures to the petition?

4. Why was it the Archbishop was unable to accede to their request?

For eight-and-twenty years Mr. Barker has been quietly working in a hinterland of surgery practically untouched by the regular medical profession. He has confined his attention entirely to abnormalities of the joints. During that period many thousands of people have consulted him, and with almost mechanical regularity, he has completely cured them.

These patients have come from all walks of life—from the very poor to the highest ranks of society; they have included members of both Houses of Parliament, and their families, the Episcopal Bench, the Cabinet, the Navy, the Army, members of both Universities, prominent sportsmen,

leading athletes, barristers, solicitors, and frequently regis tered practitioners themselves. They have come from all parts of the United Kingdom, from India, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, Canada, and the United States of America.

From time to time the newspapers have opened their columns to a correspondence which has called forth letters from all classes of people who have been patients, all couched in the same language, proclaiming the manipulative surgeon a master of his particular art. In nearly every case the same fact is stated, viz., that the writer had only resorted to Mr. Barker after months and even years of expensive and futile treatment at the hands of the regular medical practitioner. Very many even went to him after consulting—one after another—the most eminent surgeons of the day.

Let one typical letter suffice:—"As one who feels a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Barker, may I add my testimony to that of others as to his skill, and say a word on behalf of the medical gentleman who is now being proscribed by the general medical council for assisting him to alleviate the sufferings of his patients? Nearly twenty years ago, in Hong Kong, I broke both my ankles. I was assured by the doctors there that nothing could be done for me, and that I should be a cripple for life. I then went home to England, but fared no better. Among others I consulted Mr. Wharton-Hood, who told me there was nothing to be done to my feet, and added the information that I ought to have killed myself. After that I did my best to endure the pain of the broken and dislocated bones, and put the best face I could upon it. That summer, however, I was induced to consult Mr. Barker, who when he had examined my feet, assured me, to my great surprise, that he could do everything for them if I would agree to undergo a simple operation under gas. To this I at once consented, and am glad to say, with a grateful heart, that I can now put my feet to the ground without fear of pain, and walk with the greatest pleasure and comfort, whereas previously I had to walk in boots with an iron plate in the sole, without which I could only stagger across the room."*

Only a few months ago, two professional men—one a

* From a letter to the *Times* of December 18th, 1911, from Mr. Robert Shewan, of Shewan, Tomes and Co., 27 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

house surgeon at one of the most important hospitals in London, and the other a late lecturer in physiology at one of the largest hospitals in England, have successfully undergone operations at Mr. Barker's hands, when none of their colleagues could relieve them of their troubles. One of these men had been afflicted for no less than *seventeen* years.

It is not surprising to find that Mr. Barker has gradually built up a reputation which can be said without a semblance of exaggeration to surpass that of any living surgeon.

In the petition itself, the attention of the Archbishop was called to the opinion of the editors of several of the leading journals of the day.

Truth, in a leading article of June 14, 1911, stated that "*probably no one in the medical profession could produce a more imposing list of patients to speak of his practical qualifications.*"

Again on November 5, 1913, the editor wrote: "*His reputation extends over the whole world and eclipses that of any living member of the medical faculty.*" And again, in the issue of June 12, 1912, he said: "*Mr. Barker is probably doing more to relieve suffering humanity than any living surgeon.*"

The Times, in a leading article of December 7, 1912, spoke of Mr. Barker as "*a benefactor of the public who ought to be honoured accordingly*," and described him as "*a master of manipulative surgery who relieves suffering for which no relief can be found elsewhere*"; and, further, that "*it is more than time to acknowledge that if Mr. Barker did not pass through the schools, he knows about the class of cases he deals with more than the schools can teach.*"

The editor of the *Medical Press*, in a leading article of February 14, 1917, stated that: "*The testimony in favour of Mr. Barker's results is quite overwhelming. . . . The witnesses who have testified in our columns, among whom are surgeons of the greatest distinction, constitute a weight and volume of evidence which it is quite impossible to cast aside.*"

Now, these facts, and opinions, all point indisputably to one conclusion, viz., that Mr. Barker is in possession of a scientific system the methods of which are unknown to the

registered practitioner. There can be no doubt in the matter whatever: it is established by inductive evidence as exacting and irrefutable as that by which any other scientific fact can be said to be established.

This system of therapeutics he has offered time after time to place at the disposal of the profession. He has asked that a committee should be officially appointed to investigate his methods; he has offered to demonstrate in the medical schools of the country. The authorities have persistently ignored his offers; nay, more, they have done everything they could officially to slight, and to cripple him.* As the petitioners state he has been subject through a long period to "opposition, contumely, and persecution." The authorities attempted to justify themselves by the mere iteration of a flimsy excuse "He is unregistered."

Now the fact which the petitioners so clearly grasp is this —Mr. Barker has only one pair of hands, and, therefore, can only minister to a mere fragmentary proportion of the vast multitude of those who are suffering from just those disabilities to which his system is particularly and solely applicable. It follows, therefore, that by their attitude the authorities callously condemn to a continuation of their sufferings thousands of people throughout the Empire.

Moreover, as Mr. Barker cannot live for ever, his system is in danger of perishing with him, unless the said authorities can see their way, at no remote period, to revise their treatment of this generous and far-sighted pioneer.

And here comes in the origin of the petition. It was felt by very many that if the Archbishop of Canterbury could only see his way to granting—by exercise of a prerogative which he undoubtedly possesses—the hon. degree of M.D., it would not only be a way of honouring Mr. Barker, but might also serve to save the face of the medical authorities by giving him a status which would allow of their association with him, without the violation of the rules and etiquette by which they are so securely fenced and guarded.

[It will be remembered that when Sir Eric Geddes was asked by the Government to place at the disposal of the transport authorities in France his unrivalled knowledge, he

* See articles in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, December, 1914, and April, 1915, "The Case of Dr. Axham."

was given the honorary rank of General, and again, when he went to the Admiralty, the honorary rank of Admiral, so that he could take his place, and carry on his work among the professional soldiers and sailors, without anomaly.]

It was decided to confine the petition to past and present members of the House of Commons, and the immediate response exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the promoters. No less than 307 signatures were readily secured.

A superficial analysis reveals the fact that amongst those M.P.'s who cordially responded were—*the present Lord Chancellor, the ex-Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the ex-Solicitor-General,* 4 *ex-Cabinet Ministers,* 2 *Lords of the Treasury,* 13 *Privy Councillors,* 11 *King's Counsel,* 2 *Admirals,* 4 *Generals,* 18 *Colonels,* 19 *Majors,* 61 *Baronets and Knights, the most prominent members of the Labour Party, and gentlemen distinguished in every walk of life.*

It must be acknowledged that seldom, if ever, before has a petition been promoted on behalf of an individual with such an influential backing.

The wording of the petition is no less striking than the signatures.

It states that:

"Mr. Barker has offered to teach his system freely in the medical schools of the country, and to place his services gratuitously and unreservedly at the disposal of the country on behalf of men of all sections of his Majesty's Forces who are suffering from those physical injuries with which he has proved himself pre-eminently qualified to deal. Both offers have been refused because he is not a qualified physician or surgeon. Since the war began, Mr. Barker has been the means of removing the disabilities of many men *whose services would otherwise have been lost to the nation.* Many instances could be adduced, but it may suffice to point out that, in a single battalion now at the Front (the 3rd Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry), five of the officers were enabled to serve their country by Mr. Barker where orthodox medical aid had failed. Men who have been discharged from the Army as unfit for further service on account of their injuries, have been sent to the fighting line entirely through his skill."

Reference is then made to the articles from *Truth*, the Medical Press, and the *Times*, which have been already quoted.

The petition concludes as follows: "Your petitioners humbly submit that Mr. Barker's case is eminently one for your Grace's favourable consideration, in order that his assistance may be more generally available for injured sailors and soldiers at the present time, and in view of the unique and distinguished services he has rendered to suffering humanity and the cause of science through a long period of opposition, contumely and persecution."

Now, the question arises, Why should such distinguished personages unite in appending their signatures to a petition so strongly worded? The answer is obvious.

This controversy between Mr. Barker and the medical profession has been maintained so long, and so widely, that a universal interest has at last been aroused in the question. The public are growing restive under the consciousness that the purpose of the medical Acts passed on successive occasions by Parliament has been perverted. The Acts were passed for the protection of the public; but are being exploited for the protection of a trades union. The absurd contention is raised that unless a man is qualified according to the present curriculum of the medical schools, he is incapable of acquiring knowledge, or conceiving a remedy, or employing means that will tend to the alleviation of human suffering: that the profession is precluded from acquiring information outside the ranks of its own close corporation; that all "unregistered" men are "quacks," and equally reprehensible in daring to trespass within the sacred preserves.

It is obviously the duty of the medical profession to make the alleviation of human suffering their first and only consideration; and rules, regulations, and etiquette must not be allowed to stand in the way of advance. Unfortunately, the history of medicine furnishes a long catena of glaring instances of narrowness and bigotry on the part of the authorities, which have served to retard for years methods and systems which they have been forced ultimately to adopt, and now regard as the most glorious achievements of their art. The names of Harvey, Jenner, Davy, Simpson, Pasteur, Lister, Elliotson, Bodington, McCormack, Lizars, all speak of magnificent and bene-

ficent discoveries accepted by the authorities only after periods of bitter controversy and persecution.

The sole question is—"Has Mr. Barker something which he can teach the medical profession which at present they do not know? Has he—an outsider—developed a system, scientific, effective, which is not employed in practice by the profession, the technique of which they do not understand?" The petitioners believe that he has. They are fully cognisant of the unrivalled success which has attended the application of his system when all other known and recognised methods have failed, and they desire to secure honour for him in such a way that the stock excuse of the authorities that Mr. Barker is unqualified should fall to the ground.

They have not succeeded at present; but it may be assumed that efforts will not be relaxed to break down the barriers which rob the suffering public of its rights.

It is obvious, from a perusal of the Archbishop's reply to the signatories, that he is fully in sympathy with the object of the petitioners, that equally with them he recognises the inestimable value of Mr. Barker's work; and only with the greatest regret brings himself to refuse their request. He is all for honouring Mr. Barker, but differs from the petitioners as to the best method of doing so without the risk of creating a possible misapprehension as to Mr. Barker's status. He says: "Indeed, I cannot help hoping that some means may be found of marking the public appreciation of what I cannot but call Mr. Barker's eminent services to sufferers to whom his manipulative method has proved beneficial when other efforts of a more normal sort had failed." There can be little doubt that the petitioners will act on the suggestion of the Archbishop, and will succeed in procuring some honour for Mr. Barker at the hands of his countrymen, whom he has served so ably and so long. But they are of sufficient influence, not only to procure honour for the manipulative surgeon, but also to demand for the public the rights which the Legislature intended to assure to them in the Medical Acts; but of which they are being deprived by the stolid indifference of a trades union, which is not the less a danger to the Commonwealth because it is an association of gentlemen educated, and supported by the State, not for the good of themselves, but for the good of others.

Letters : Posted and Unposted

By Constance Malleson

UNPOSTED

I

EDWARDES SQUARE,
September 1st, 1918.

THE house lights went out. The last bars of the overture faded away upon the dry oppressive atmosphere of the auditorium. The curtain went up. And in my solitary stall in the second row I sat waiting to see you act.

The first scene opened rather rowdily in a crowded ball-room. There were thick-set women, moon-faced and heavily powdered, and tall, elegant men with sweeping gestures and soft, oval faces. A flabby, gaily-coloured throng. I wasn't paying much attention. I was intensely aware of myself, so terribly aware of my own soul, naked, exposed and throbbing—there in the second row of the stalls. The orchestra was playing : a drifting, sobbing tune, played on muted violins. My heart drifted with the music, drifted willingly dreamwards, and then stopped short. *You* had come on. The breath caught in my throat. With that short, decisive step of yours, you had come on without my noticing.

Out of the darkness of the stalls I sat watching you. I watched your drawn, passionate face, your hard, chiselled mouth; I felt the magnetism of you piercing me through and through. Make-up did not greatly alter you. Only those eyes of yours, those frighteningly blue eyes, had become like black coals burning beneath the paleness of your brow.

For one short moment my eyes clung to your face, and in that moment your profile seemed so vivid, so intense, that I felt it carved in the white flesh of my own breast.

An act had passed—a short act : the lights remained lowered; the orchestra played on, and the curtain rose on the second act.

Slowly the footlights came up, showing a mountain

scene, a rough stone pass, an infinite distance of blue. Limes blazed from the wings, the whole stage was flooded with light, and there, there you sat, a searching figure against the blue back-cloth, a lonely mortal peering out into the unknown. The moment the curtain went up on the brightly-lit stage, I knew that I should be recognised, and almost at once there was a movement among some of the small-part people.

"Moya Moore's in front, there, sitting alone in the second row." I could almost hear their whispers.

How odd! I thought. Here in the stalls I'm acting harder than any of them. I was holding on to myself. They mustn't know, they mustn't guess. I kept my eyes away from you, I made them wander from group to group. Then, irresistibly impelled, I looked up to where you were sitting, and you looked straight down at me. You turned a little to look straight down at me. I felt my eyes caught in the strength of your eyes. I was staring at you. Afterwards, I didn't know what my eyes had said, I hoped they had just been the eyes of any interested and critical spectator. Yet, I knew that my whole being had gone out to you in that moment.

* * * * * * *

How many words have I ever spoken to you? None—none that matter. I have watched you at work—watched your eager, intelligent face, and I have understood the hard little lines about your mouth.

Somehow, in my imagination, I see you always in a shrapnel helmet, and from underneath it those piercing blue eyes, forcing courage on your men, leading them, leading them over the top.

I remember how almost the first time I met you, I burst into a usually empty room in a friend's house, and found you there—I, with my hair loose and a flame-coloured wrapper round me, stood staring at you, and then mumbling something or other, I turned and darted from the room.

Afterwards, we worked together. I remember how you seemed to like being near me, how in showing me a gesture our hands would meet, and how you didn't take your hand away. I remember the touch of your fingers against my forehead. I remember how you would slip your arm

through mine, and taking me a little to one side, would explain some point or other.

And I thought I saw in your eyes a joy and a delight in my beauty; but I don't know. I only know that my soul is troubled, is tormented, because of you. I wait hours to see you at times when I know you can't come. I feel a new liking for people who know you, I talk to them just to hear your name mentioned.

Once, once, I saw your eyes come alive for me. You were sitting with your head in your hands as if to shut out the whole world, and I went to you, and looking up at you, I asked what was the matter.

"Why didn't you *tell* me?" I said. But the low tones of my voice said more.

"My dear, you can trust me, I understand," that was what the deep note in my voice said. And you lifted up your head, and your hand went out as if in quick gratitude, and those frighteningly blue eyes of yours came alive in your hard, tense face. But that was all. For a few hours I felt nearer to you, and then afterwards, I felt further away than ever.

* * * * * * *

For a whole week I have fought against going to the theatre, and now I have gone——

As the curtain went up on the third act, an act of dim lights, you were standing "down stage," and you lifted your head slowly, and seemed to be looking at me, and when you took your call you looked to see if I were clapping—but didn't all the others look too?

I wish to God you had avoided my eyes—and yet I couldn't have borne it if you had.

I got up quickly and went out in the middle of the repeated calls. As I passed the stage door a shiver ran through me. You would come out in a few minutes, and you would go home, and you wouldn't even remember that I had been in front. You would go home, and you wouldn't even remember.

As I walked up the dark alley, I seemed to hear your step behind me; so much did I want to hear it. Twice I turned my head, half expecting to see you—so much did I long for the sight of you. I stood still in the middle of the pavement, imagining how you would come and take my

arm, and how, from the sheer force of your eyes bent upon me, we would both stand there—quite still.

"Why did you come?" you would say. And I would see the knowledge of my answer in your eyes. I would feel your fingers closing tightly round my wrist. I would see the look of dogged endurance pass from your dim, drawn face. At last we would know the human comfort of being near to each other, near in body and soul.

Half crying, I stumbled dizzily through the dark streets. A fragment of a half-forgotten scene hovered through my memory:

> "C'est pour ce soir, je crois, ma bien-aimée!
> J'ai l'âme lourde encore d'amour inexprimée. . . .
> Et je crie, Adieu!"

But you won't even remember. You don't know. You won't ever know.

And I will sit down in my empty room and write to you; and though I shall sit and write to you very often, my letters will never reach you in your great solitary house across the river—my letters will never be posted.

2

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 10th, 1918.

Yesterday, the new show was produced. You were standing in the wings when I came off after my last scene, and you came to me, and you took my arm.

But I hardly noticed. The horror of a first night was upon me. I knew I hadn't given my best show. I hadn't given my living heart: the throbbing thing that breaks through all structure. I wondered how much had really "got over," or if, from the front, my performance had been the cold, empty skeleton that it seemed to me. The curtain came down in utter absolute silence. Then, a great storm of applause burst across the house, and loosened for one moment the tightness that weeks of anxious rehearsing had cemented round me. As the curtain swung down for the last time, life became tolerable again.

There seemed to be a lot of people in the prompt corner as I came across the stage, and of all that crowd, you were the first to grasp my hand. Something happened in that moment. The control of weeks dropped from me. My

hand slipped into your hand, and even in passing, our hands remained clasped. Your grip tightened, and there was an agony in that severance when at last I moved away.

3

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 11th, 1918.

This morning it seemed to me that I had awakened to the first of all days. There was a beating as of imprisoned wings about my heart. Somewhere in the world a new harmony had been struck, a clearer prayer had risen to the sky. The earth . . . waited.

And yet, when you came, I was surprised. If you hadn't come, I suppose I should have realised that subconsciously I'd been expecting you. Your step beat hard and eager as you ran upstairs. It was so eager, so decided, and it came so swiftly upon me that I wanted to run away.

Then—everything became suddenly inevitable, old as the world, fore-ordained. Flinging a shawl round my shoulders, I came to you in here in my sitting-room. You asked me if I'd seen the papers. I said I had, and "I think you've got a success," I said.

You were sitting in the armchair in front of my gas fire, and I came and sat on the big floor cushion a little to the left of you. We must have talked, I suppose, quite a long time. I distinctly remember your saying it was nice and warm in my room after the bitter cold outside. You said something, too, about the critics; you were disappointed that they had understood so little what you were aiming at.

"Are *you* disappointed?" you asked.

And I pressed up against the mantelpiece, leaning my head far back, swallowing hard, struggling not to let the tears in my eyes brim over, as moment after moment flew past, and we neither of us spoke, until, quite wonderfully, I felt your hand stroking my hair. A kind of mist swept over me; an utter unconsciousness of time or place; a reeling dizziness through which hot tears made their way trickling painfully down my cheeks. You pulled me towards you almost roughly, and I buried my face against your knees. "I wanted to give . . . such a sensitive . . . vibrating . . . thing," I mutterd.

Then—I was in your arms, and your lips were set against my lips—blindly.

4

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 12th, 1918.

Last night you went away.

You went away to the wildness of the Mourne mountains—you went alone. I think you nearly asked me to go with you, but, in the end, you went alone.

And you're not coming back for four whole days——

5

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 16th, 1918.

Somehow, I have got through these days; but I have come oddly near madness, searching for the memory of your face.

Last night I dined at Ciro's. All through dinner I had exactly the feeling that one has after a bad accident: the delighted realisation that one is, after all, still alive. But late last night, when I got home, when I was alone in my room, I knew that my nerve had gone. I stood a long time at the window, peering out into a fog such as might well have heralded the end of the world; then, wrapped in a dressing-gown, I crept to bed.

6

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 18th, 1918.

You have come back; but I have neither seen you nor heard from you.

I love you—O, my dear, I do love you.

7

EDWARDES SQUARE,
October 20th, 1918.

Yesterday passed without my seeing you; then to-night, you came down to the theatre. I met you by the pass-door as I was coming off after the second act. We said "Good evening," and I think you took my hand——

* * * * *

And now I have come home. Sitting here in my room, I make wild plans to go away, to take the first tour offered, to wander, to forget. Anything—anything to be free of you. Free of the whole mad nightmare of my feeling for you.

(*To be continued.*)

Labour's "Grand Remonstrance"

LAST month I said in this REVIEW that we were once more faced with a world decision on peace or war, and that, if we choose the physical way, Europe would collapse, but that if we preferred the common-sense way—one no longer can speak of a Christian way, a statesmanlike way, or even a human way—we might, thinking and acting internationally, yet save the European fabric from tottering into economic and social anarchy. Now, although "all London" is at the seaside, and writing these lines myself there, I see on the shore, on the golf-links, in the hotels and on the promenades, no visible sort of anxiety, appreciation, or attempt even to understand the barest facts of a world-crisis, to which by Treaty we are nationally bound, as fighters and underwriters, I do find a certain consensus of repugnance to go to war for Poland, which despite the sun and the sunshades, does exercise the beach to no small extent. "Who are the Poles, anyway?" "What language do they speak?" "I suppose they are Church of England?" Such are the common queries. More enthusiastic folk respond more gaily on the subject. "No b—dy war for Poland," or, "I don't think," or, "Poland be blowed!" and one eminently social lady warned us that the whole thing was engineered by "German gold."

None the less, at the seaside, on piers, round bandstands playing American nigger rag-time to the traditional pace of "Home, sweet home," there is uneasiness; people are beginning to think; men are scanning newspapers; even the clown at the travelling circus introduces a joke about Lloyd George and Polish self-(in)determination, thereby causing one of those sudden silences which speak with eloquence. Not that any man on the beach, where I throw stones into the sea, seems to have the smallest idea of what might happen were this country to follow the lead of its bold Minister of War, or what will happen if we don't soon make peace, or for that matter, what is happening so

rapidly really that we don't see it. As this Polish war business is not ended yet, and without some radical transformation of mind and condition is not likely to reach a solution for reasons presently to be explained, it may be well, in view of probable developments, to re-state the position and understand why it happened at all, and whither it is leading us.

Why was there a Polish war? The answer is two-fold. First, because the Treaty of Paris has re-established France as the military dictator of all Europe, the Eastern fighting phalanx of which was to be the "sanitary cordon," or Greater Poland plus the other militarist creations of Greater Roumania, Greater Serbia, and the modern variety of Austria contained in so-called Czecho-Slovakia, which, be it marked, has a larger numerical national minority to govern than there are Czechs. This military reconstitution of Europe was the fighting design of the "Wilson" peace. It is, of course, a purely military combination adopted from Napoleon's pet scheme, which Pitt, Blücher and Wellington smashed up at Waterloo. Of the Wilsonian principles there remains nothing. The whole thing is strategic, regardless even of railways, ports, cities, or life necessities, so that Vienna, as all know who care to, is reduced to a dead city, and Hungary is carved up and Austria is barred from the sea, and Europe is turned into a Gallic Balkanised cockpit, on the idea of "divide and rule," to enable Paris to dominate the whole. This is the foundation reason of Greater Poland. The Poles were not "liberated"; they were granted independence and militarism, provided they used it at France's bidding, and such is the sole reason of the Polish campaign.

The enemy was Russia, and this again is root. The Hun this time is the Russian Government: it is Dr. Lenin, and what France aims at is the overthrow of the Russian Revolution in order that a reimposed Tsarist Government should honour the French money invested in Russia. There is no other issue, but Englishmen had better take some pains to ascertain the facts, for over Poland the Treaty will fall, or inevitably it will have to be fought for. The *Times* is fond of speaking of the

Treaty as the integral basis of the Entente. If so, then it is our duty to fight for Poland. But it is not so, and we don't mean to fight for Poland, but this again merely shows how extremely important it is for men and women to grasp this one truth, namely, that the question of European peace depends upon whether we take the French view of Russia, or our own view; that is, whether we intend to fight Russia back into Tsardom, or to—leave her alone to work out her own destiny.

Two weeks ago, we were on the eve of war. It is because Mr. Lloyd George has again changed his mind that M. Millerand proclaimed his "recognition" of Wrangel, a move which, in diplomatic parlance, was intended to "re-correct" Mr. Lloyd George's correction. Mr. Churchill had written one of his flamboyant articles reminiscent of the days when he spoke of "hornets," and all behind the scenes—those, that is, who have the entry to the dozen London drawing-rooms where policy is made—knew perfectly well that France was ordering Poland to fight on, and almost ordering us to come in too. But for Labour we should have "come in," and one other factor, which is the revelation of the weakness of our exchange in America which started down at the first inkling of another war. Our pull back has been Labour plus serious finance. In other words, Labour and Capital have actually unconsciously amalgamated on a war issue, and without a doubt saved us from embarking on a Continental war to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for the Parisian War Party. But the pother is not over yet. At issue is the vital question of recognition of the Soviet Government. Shall we recognise the Soviets? Again, if so, what shall we say to France, who in all probability will refuse to recognise Soviet Russia unless that Russia honours her debts? And this brings us to the trunk of our military alliance with France. Are we going to fight when France bids us to fight, to pay when France asks us to pay? If not, what? Poland is the first test case, for Poland is the fighting apex of the Treaty. In short, we are right on our world points now, and over Poland we shall move either towards a real peace or to European war and chaos and Dr. Lenin's nostrum.

Reduced to positive fact, the excuse of the Polish war is Russia's debt to France, for the Poles, notoriously vain and emotional, are singularly lacking in political wisdom, and in reality are simply the tools of Parisian militarism vested in a small group of journalists and politicians who seem also to control some of our own newspapers. But we may say, and I hold rightly, that a nation's affairs are her own concern, and so the less we say about poor France deluded by her politicians, who have betrayed France's spirit and almost ruined Europe, the better. Let us stick to our own business, for here our course is perfectly clear. All Lombard Street and organised Labour are against war, and there is nothing more to be said. Our plain business is to make peace with Russia; to tell the Poles bluntly that if they prefer to be the military catspaw of M. Tardieu and the other *cocardiers*, well, "Good luck," only we cannot help them; we will not finance them, and will not be responsible in any way for the consequences to their unfortunate country. That is the simple thing to do, and the only thing, if we wish to avoid a throw with world Bolshevism and our own integral downfall. For let there be no mistake. Despite the entirely fictitious conditions of security, prosperity and American conditions of wages, we are living on paper; all Europe is monthly declining; we ourselves are coming to economic realities which will stagger some of the foolish gentlemen who sit in Parliament as Mr. Lloyd George's registration clerks. The point about Poland's war is that it is purely about capital. Poland has been egged on to fight to secure France's debt. That is to say, the Governments who made the Treaty and the Covenant force other nations to attack some other nation which has a different system of government; so far have we travelled from all principle of national right and international justice. The Wilson peace has degenerated into a military tyranny which compels wretched, starving peoples to fight one another as the only means to uphold the tyranny in power; and as it is with Poland so it will be before long with Greece and all the rest of the Balkanised cockpit of hates and rivalries established in the name of "war to end war."

The truth is, this Polish war is a disgrace to all concerned. We know perfectly well that Russia would never

have attacked Poland; would weeks ago have given her a magnanimous peace, and will do so to-day. But Governments don't want peace with Soviet Russia. They don't intend to give Russia a chance to make good. They are still blockading her (our mines still close the Baltic from St. Petersburg, and we hold Constantinople). Russia is still blockaded, strangled, and deprived even of anæsthetics —a fact which for a century will cast a stain upon our British civilisation. The whole thing is an exhibition of lies, intrigue, and sinister cruelty unexampled in history, and were it not that the British people have been stuffed with lies about Bolshevism, every man in this Government would be arraigned for criminal waste of public life and moneys. The Premier knows this now. He has at last been told by bankers that unless Europe is restored we cannot sell, and that the consequences of that situation might be highly detrimental to the Commonwealth. He sees Labour slowly rising like a giant, at last determined to put an end to this grotesque folly. He understands that his Treaty was a farce, and that when he and M. Clemenceau smashed Wilson, they really smashed their own peoples. Only the printing-press remains to him to enable him to obscure the facts still completely obscured, by the way, in France. But he cannot move forward, for at Paris he signed away Britain's independence. For a hate, he bartered away our island liberties which were Europe's Northern Star, and made us paymaster to a resurrected empire of Louis XIV. He cannot extricate us from the bog, for we are bound hand and foot to the control. He cannot make peace, for this control says, "No peace." He can only perform tricks of wizardry which annoy the French and deceive the People at home. He is caught in his own meshes.

Labour alone can make peace, if acting in concord it forces the Government either to go to the country on the issue, or to withdraw from the absurd entanglements of a senseless Treaty. Poland is only an effect of the cause of Europe's distress, and the only way to reconstruct is to restart, to build afresh through a League of Nations, or through the peoples acting through their own sovereignties. When Labour's Council is styled "unconstitutional," that is

paltry blather. We have no Parliament to-day, we have merely an assembly of war-wealthy men, elected on three lies to cry ditto to the Coalition's edicts. Mr. Lloyd George has destroyed Parliament with the Press which has systematically ignored it. No man cares to-day what some or any war profiteer says at Westminster, and it is because of this personal government of the Coalition, and because of Parliament's intellectual and moral decay, that the only remedy lies outside—in the will of the People. No more unconstitutional act has ever been seen than Mr. Churchill's article advocating war. The truth is, the country has no voice to-day, and no means of expression. It is expected to obey the Coalition, or be silent. It has been silent. But the time is coming when it will be silent no longer. It will not be silent on the issue of war. This winter it will not be silent on the pressing incidence of economics.

The danger is that Government minds in league with or in the leash of newspaper proprietor minds may seek to split the People on a scare of "for or against" authority. The curious outbreak at Ramsgate of ex-Service men, who stoned a German ship, is symptomatic, to judge from the comments of fishermen—sailors are never vindictive—and others in that quiet little place, who winkingly spoke of the rumpus as an "organised" stunt. By whom? For what purpose? I heard some queer tales at Ramsgate in connection with that affair, which I have not seen in the newspapers. And that is the strange thing about life at present. The facts never are in the newspapers. With Parliament, old Fleet Street, too, has gone into decline or under control, to be more exact. The public knows nothing. It sincerely believes the "Bolshies" eat their prisoners. It really believes we have made a peace of self-determination. I am sure it believes Archbishop Mannix to be the Ahithophel of Bolshevist gold.

As one walks on the sea-front the absence of our beautiful young men is to-day striking. Where are they? What did they die for? For a militarist Poland—according to Mr. Churchill, who apparently thinks enough were not slaughtered at Gallipoli. To fight for the Czechs in their

efforts to trample down the minorities placed under their heel. To fight for Roumanian landlords. To fight for Jugo-Slavs. That is what they died for, as we see over the Polish crisis. But their younger brothers are turning at last. "I don't think," said one, lying on the beach in his bathing suit, to which his sister enjoined: "I don't mind Jim fighting the Irish, but I'm jiggered if he is going out to Mesopotamia to fight for the Poles." The lady in the flesh-coloured bathing attire was right. If Poland is not in Mesopotamia, we are, and what does it matter? The Irish are wicked Catholics, and so hated of Carson, while the Poles are good Methodists, with a large Catholic vote in America. It is all the same. France says to us, "You are the Entente. If we want war, there must be war," and so to war poor "Jim" would have gone, and may yet go, had it not been for the entirely constitutional objection to making Poland a "land fit for heroes" epitomised by Labour in an Acting Council. This Council will be a landmark in the nation's history. It is a Grand Remonstrance. Without a doubt, it is the beginning of the end of the Coalition.

As a fact, all sensible men, all financiers, bankers, thinkers, and economists are delighted at this revival in Britain of a force standing for an impersonal principle; above all, of an instrument calculated to save the youth of Britain from further war. And that is the reason why the people who three weeks ago were talking war are to-day maintaining that Labour is "beating the air," for never was there any likelihood of war. The war party has been beaten, that is the truth, and it will light a beacon in the land. At last, we are reaching the dregs of our humiliation. The old Island sense is returning. Britons are not going to be the war slaves of a Continental imperialism. It is Britain's political Verdun. "No further," is the cry, and to that spirit the intelligence of the country will now rally. But they will find they must do more than acquiesce; the impasse of Governments is too great, the fear of capitalism is too deep, the control of the machine and its mechanism is too central, for any rapid solution. Poland has become the Ireland of Europe and it is the military link of the whole Treaty. When Mr. Lloyd George says that Poland's

ethnographic boundaries are the basis of the Treaty, he is just talking rubbish, for he himself largely contributed towards the smashing of half the ethnographic boundaries of Europe, including those of the Arabs, whom he shamelessly betrayed. No man who dares to talk nonsense of that kind has the right to be taken seriously. Poland's "ethnographic" boundaries are of no more concern to Britain than is New Jerusalem to Jewdom, whose kingdom is the world and its markets. New Jerusalem is a strategic outpost of our Persian oil interest, and Poland is the strategic outpost of French military hegemony. If we wish to underwrite these obligations we must be prepared to fight for them, and that is why Mr. Lloyd George is so concerned about Catholic Poland, because by losing the war Poland has exposed the Old Men's Treaty to the world's ridicule. Nor is the American reported attitude to be taken seriously. America has a big Polish Catholic vote and is in the throes of a Presidential Election. America will not fight for Polish imperialism, nor is there much likelihood of America underwriting a Polish currency quoted at 700-800 to the £. All this we may cut out. What remains is the fundamental question of peace. Are we ready to make peace with Soviet Russia? If so, the Polish war will end automatically and does not matter—except to the Poles—anyway. Secondly, what will France say to us? Thirdly, if not, what do we propose to do?

We shall have a loaf this winter at 1s. 3d. simply because we have refused to make European peace, and as our exchange on America is very bad the Government will probably have to resort to another subsidy to cover up the blunder of the wheat policy, so unkindly spoilt by the weather. On the whole, then, there is real cause for optimism. Poland and the pressure of economics will force us to think a bit this autumn, and when the truth of the wage position is revealed and the Federation of British Industries begins to understand what "all in industrials" and "down with Europe" implies, the meaning of peace in Europe will become apparent even to the dreamers who really did imagine that a debt of £10,000,000,000 had actually made us a prosperous nation for evermore. I am sure the Bolshevists will treat Poland with clemency and

statesmanship, thereby revealing the stupid brutality of the Paris Treaty, but whether that will bring about peace is a matter depending solely upon Labour's resolve and the question which that attitude may make acute, whether the Government deems it wise and politic to challenge the peace-makers.

The question of peace will depend upon the idea of peace, which at present is still flagrantly war—the right of one group to hold down another, and that is why a fighting Poland is an integral factor in the Allies' force policy. There is still no sign of any policy save revenge and hate, so much so that, despite the fact that the recent plebiscites gave the West Prussian portion to Germany by an overwhelming majority, the Council, or whoever it is that controls the Council, has arbitrarily consigned that district to the Poles. Peace on this basis is unthinkable. The question is: Does it matter? It matters enormously. First, we must be prepared to fight for this pauperised and outraged Europe of subjugation. Secondly, we must pay for it. Thirdly, it is because Europe has no peace that Europe cannot buy or sell, which is the reason of the high prices here and of the coming economic decline in Britain. Peace to England is vital. If Europe cannot buy, we cannot sell. We shall deflate unceremoniously on our own inflation. This winter we shall discover that unless wealth circulates, it is little good; that Britain cannot be rich if Europe remains poor.

We are in reality far worse off than we were even six months ago, for Europe is not recovering, and cannot recover until the militarist spirit is exorcised, and nations are given the opportunity once more to trade and produce, and still no such opportunity exists. In September there should be a financial conference, which will probably, unless it too is pole-axed, put forward some constructive scheme for restoring European purchasing-power, but what chances are there that Governments will listen? Still less act? Feeble talk still persists about a League of Nations which at present is getting into debt instead of establishing credit. France controls, and what France wants is the military control of Europe, which we are to fight for. There

is no prospect of any return to sanity on such lines, and consequently no likelihood of any economic recovery. We shall feel the effects of this policy in the autumn, and prices will rise, and we may have a "Mad Mullah" Mesopotamian war to finance, ranging from Persia to Limerick, calculated still further to increase the national debt and depreciate the national currency. Nothing constructive can happen under the existing Allied council of inaction, the only question is whether Labour's Council of Action will be strong enough to force the Coalition, or rather, Mr. Lloyd George (seeing that without him the Coalition would be skinned down to a plutocratic interest in control of the machine quite lifeless and absurdly inadequate even as a policeman), to do a few decent and English things. I fancy it will be strong enough. Certainly expelling such worthy pillars of Trade Unionism as Adamson and Gosling from France will not sweeten the issue which now has come down to the intrinsic right of Britain to have and shape a policy.

All our troubles come from this omission. Instead of a policy, we have opportunist jerks of fear and apathy, towards Dr. Mannix, towards Dr. Lenin, towards Arab Pretenders, towards peace. Evidently Mr. Lloyd George is trying to right some of the infamies done in Paris when Mr. Wilson was "done in," but trickery in international relations is not sufficient; there must be a policy, and there must be enthusiasm to carry it out. How can there be with no Parliament? How can there be with secret diplomacy? How can there be with disagreement between England and France over the necessity of war or peace?

None the less "Sim Tappertit," whether communist or capitalist, will be disappointed, for Britain at the seaside is recovering, and when the people return to their winter rates, taxes, and prices, it will be to speculate not upon the exchanges, but quite seriously upon the economic situation, and it may be then, when coal is fabulously dear, that some of us will want to know how long the country is going to put up with its present constriction. We cannot go on much longer, or that long-delayed economic crisis will materialise; as for Europe, half-starving, waiting like an

ox in a butcher's yard for the "humane-killer," she, poor thing, may get absolutely out of hand this winter, when there will be less to sell, and still less to buy. It won't depend upon the policeman, it will depend upon policy. Is Europe to be restored? Or is Europe to go down? The decision lies with us. We may still be able to buy golf balls at 3s. each in the former case. In the latter, golf won't be playable for, in the fall, half the golf clubs in Britain will go bankrupt.

Things may drag on as they are until America gets her Republican President, when she will certainly start trading with Russia, no matter what the commitments, limitations and economic reservations may be, and as America is the only country with any pretence to a gold standard left, we dare not play Napoleon on the Continent on an exchange falling to a non-buying point in view of our yearly need of food. Poland has brought the economic cataclysm sensibly nearer. We can have peace any day now. If we don't, it is because we have not seriously tried to get it, in which case this Coalition will certainly have to go and we must have a General Election. We shall never progress until we have a Parliament. The real danger lies in the passing of Parliamentary power to an outside forum not strong enough to bring about constitutional reaction, for that must mean strife. Our paramount duty is to make peace with Russia, to re-start European trade, restore credit and enforce peace here and in Europe, no matter whether Poland wants the Ukraine or not. The truth is that Poland has re-nationalised Russia and shown us the futility of our own Treaty. The work of the Coalition is done. If the Premier has any historical sense he will restore Parliament to the nation through an appeal to the country, now able once more to think rationally and constructively, for what is at stake is not the Entente but the content of Anglo-Saxon spirit and association.

The Taint in Literature

By Thomas Moult

Only a very little time has passed since our generation were fledglings who accepted the supremacy of Swinburne, Walter Pater, and a certain kind of personage in the 'nineties almost by instinct. Without any doubt whatever it was Pater who for us had spoken the final word in prose; Swinburne sung the swan-song of poetry; and the artistic life itself had been lived to perfection by Oscar Wilde, Dowson, and the rest of the writers who have been recalled with such painstaking solicitude for them and for us in the little volume *The Men of the 'Nineties*, by Bernard Muddiman.* Nowadays, having grown well out of that fledgling stage, we look back upon such an attitude with a fair degree of wonderment, so strange does it appear to us that we could ever have shared with the author of *The Renaissance* an ethic so curious as that the most joyous poet is he who makes his sorrow most musical, with the author of *Poems and Ballads* that double-rhyme endings and alliteration had only to be pursued as an end in themselves to produce poetry of profoundest meaning:

> "Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls wax hoary,
> Gives earth and heaven, for song's sake and the soul's,
> Their glory——"

(even the monosyllabic rhymes of the greater poets sounded empty and emasculated after a Swinburnian orgy). Still less easily are we able to understand how we came to believe with the inventor of Dorian Gray that green fields and indeed everything of good report in human affairs had been grossly over-rated as the artist's inspiration, and absinthe and the Café Royal most woefully neglected. An exotic interior like that which Frederick Wedmore described, and which Mr. Muddiman reproduces, must have been hopelessly "provincial" in the extremist regard of

* *The Men of the 'Nineties: Being a Note on some of the Writers of that Period.* By Bernard Muddiman. (Henry Danielson, 6s. net.)

Wedmore's contemporaries:—"There came a little snow. But in the parlour over the shop—with the three windows closely curtained—one could have forgetfulness of weather. There was the neat fireplace; the little low tea-table; a book-case in which Pelse—before that critical event at Aix-les-Bains—had been putting, gradually, first editions of the English poets; a cabinet of china, in which—but always before Aix-les-Bains—he had taken to accumulate some pretty English things of whitest paste or finest painting; a Worcester cup, with its exotic birds, its lasting gold, its scale-blue ground, like lapis lazuli or sapphire; a Chelsea figure; something from Swansea; white plates of Nantgarw, bestrewn with Billingley's greyish pink roses, of which he knew the beauty, the free artistic touch. How the things had lost interest for him!" Provincial, this, with its thread of unfamiliar names, its "something from Swansea"? . . . We hardly dare conceive of the shudder with which those all-knowing eighteen-ninetiers would have greeted the provincialisms of nineteen-twenty: *The Enslaved*, by Mr. Masefield, for example, or Mr. Gordon Bottomley's collection of plays!

The contrast between the work of our own day and that of the writers who are instinctively recalled to mind as we think of their period is useful in emphasising what is so easily unnoticed, so apt to be forgotten, that there were contrasting, even definitely antagonistic, elements in the art of the period itself. The sense of an absolutely satisfying value of beautiful workmanship, the recognition of the primary importance of the sensuous element in art, the love of art for art's sake—these things were by no manner of means the monopoly of the writer who spoke in similar phrases concerning them, nor of his colleagues: they were shared, and far more vitally, by that whole populace of "outsiders," with W. E. Henley popularly regarded as the chief, who in the intervening years have come to such artistic fruition that to-day we have to regard the "eighteen-ninety group" as the outsiders. The whole contrast between these two antagonistic sections lay in the essentially different meanings put into the adjectives "beautiful" and "sensuous": there was no greater love of art for its own sake in the one than in the other, but the love that was most voluble about itself was sterile. . . . It goes without saying that where

there is a deal of noise there can be little actual accomplishment, but one is hardly prepared for the infinitesimal fragment of its content that has survived the succeeding quarter of a century. A poem of Dowson's, one of Wilde's comedies, possibly a little of Lionel Johnson's criticism and some of the work of Davidson—these and Mr. Max Beerbohm—sterility was in everything else, as well as in the actual personages themselves: it comes to us with startling conviction from Mr. Muddiman's pages how tragically fruitless each figure in turn has proved himself to be. Not the men of the 'nineties, but the half-men they were in very truth.

Every period in art, as in life, is of growth. The period that culminated, politically, in Mr. Rudyard Kipling and the South African war was of growth no less than any other, but it was neither because of Mr. Kipling nor of the "Yellow Book" that we now regard it of importance. New vision, new expression; the movement whose rise and fall is so ably and sympathetically traced by Mr. Muddiman had nothing of these. It was merely the pathetic echo of a decadence that was outrunning its career across the English Channel in a country which has done more during its history to divert the stream of letters in the land of Shakespeare from its course, its tradition, than has any other outside literary influence of the world. It was entirely foreign to the English genius, dying here quickly upon the sickly flash of its birth.

> "So, at the sound, the blood of me stood cold;
> Thy chaste hair ripened into sullen gold;
> Thy throat, the shoulders, swelled and were uncouth;
> The breasts rose up and offered each a mouth;
> And on the belly, pallid blushes crept,
> That maddened me, until I laughed and wept;"

what possible relation can the English temperament have with this and the rest of the long, amorous catalogue, this farrago of phrases about "plagues that fascinate," "tigress's blood and tiger-lilies," and "a bruisèd daffodil of last night's sin," which Mr. Muddiman quotes from John Gray's *Silverpoints* and from another of the Latin echoists? It is possible, of course, for us to appreciate the French originals *as* poetry; but we do not wonder now that these echoists were detested by the rest of our artists and by the world of

readers, even though we deplore the waste of energy involved in the detestation. We know that opposition, not at all confined to the Philistines, was bound to arise, that it came of a wholesome abhorrence of everything that symbolised or embodied sterility, which is the real taint of life: we recognise the legitimacy of such opposition, even while we deplore the pain it gave. Perhaps it is because of the pain, the "martyrdom," of the movement, that so great and persistent a glamour and romantic atmosphere have surrounded the very recollection of it for each of us in our earliest literary phase. Wilde and the men of the 'nineties have gradually assumed such importance of legend that the young artist is hardly able to realise that the infinitely more vital figures of Mr. Conrad, Mr. Wells, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Yeats were their contemporaries. But Wilde, Dowson, and Beardsley suffered: ostracism and social opprobrium were their portion. And youthful idealism takes them to its heart and enthrones them as leaders, and even as pioneers, with the selfless greediness and disproportion with which youthful idealism must ever survey its idols, gloriously uncaring lest their work, as well as their feet, shall be of clay.

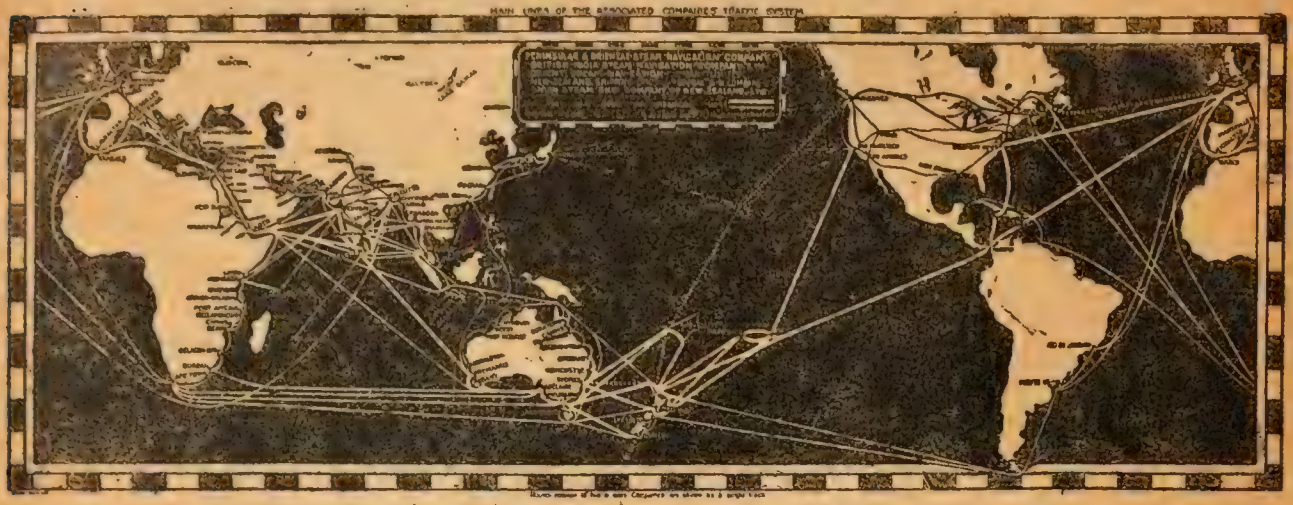
P. & O., British India and New Zealand Companies

Mail, Passenger and Freight Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, BURMAH,
PERSIAN GULF, MAURITIUS, EAST & SOUTH AFRICA,
QUEENSLAND via Torres Straits.

Also AUSTRALIA and NEW ZEALAND

from LONDON, SOUTHAMPTON or MEDITERRANEAN PORTS, via Suez, Panama, the Cape, Vancouver or San Francisco.



Apply: For Freight or General Information—

P. & O. and British India Companies, 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3;
New Zealand Shipping Co., or Union S.S. Co. of N.Z., 138, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

For Passage:—P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.

Books

FICTION.

INVISIBLE TIDES. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. Chapman and Hall. 7*s.* net.
THE MASK. By JOHN COURNOS. Methuen. 6*s.* net.
THE GREAT LEVIATHAN. By D. A. BARKER. Lane. 7*s.*
THE STORY OF A NEW ZEALAND RIVER. By JANE MANDER. The Bodley Head. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.
PASSION'S QUEST. By VERA LOVICH. Stanley Paul. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.
THE GOLDEN BIRD. By DOROTHY EASTON. Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
OPEN THE DOOR. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. Melrose. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
ANNE. By OLGA HARTLEY. Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.
POTTERISM. By ROSE MACAULAY. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

So difficult has it become for a newcomer's novel to find a publisher that the announcement of a "first" appearance tends to bespeak a significance far beyond comparison with that of the fictionist's *première* in the days when one's novels, first or last, seemed to have been published almost for the asking. If the critics were less divided among themselves, had they not degenerated so

hopelessly into mere mouthpieces of coterie and faction (not to speak of racial prejudice), there might have been fuller justice done to some of the past season's first novels. In most cases they were either allowed to pass unnoticed or introduced only that the reviewer might have the uncanny pleasure of picking them to pieces. The critics who may be relied on to deal fairly with a new novelist in these disjointed times appear to be fewer in number than they were ever. They are to be counted on the fingers of a single hand; by the spirit of their work, not necessarily by their words, shall we know them —and the others. . . .

We can well afford to put aside any qualification that *Invisible Tides* is Mrs. Seymour's first novel while we pronounce it remarkable. We would, indeed, find it difficult to appreciate that it is a first book at all were we not so advised. The constructive skill and natural fluidity of expression rather suggest a mature experience. The dialogue is always convincing; when there is need of, say, one of Helena Morden's retorts to a male admirer it comes with an amazing aptness. The theme of the novel concerns this Helena; the growth to woman and man of her and Hilary Sargent, who becomes her lover when her husband has failed her, is analysed against a background of commerce, art, and metropolitan suburbia. The descriptions of Hilary's studio at Richmond, of London parks, the Thames-side, and of rural retreats, are achieved lovingly, faithfully. The woman's suffering when her lover is lost in the war, her mental collapse, and the re-appearance of her husband—who, in his limited way, had always loved her—do not fail in the utmost poignancy. It is a dead woman who goes back to her married life, for Mrs. Seymour has seen how in the war women here at home were murdered as well as men in the trenches. "Neither we nor any child of ours," writes the lost lover from France, "must forget what war really looks like without its trappings of romance. The only hope for the world is that we never allow people to forget. . . ."

If Mrs. Seymour has in the matter of actual writing the advantage over most of our other first novelists, Mr. Cournos has a certain advantage in return. There is not the faintest trace of "literary" flavour in *The Mask*, nor has he adopted the structural method which we have come to detest heartily, even in the fiction of its chief exponent, Mr. Wells. The style of *The Mask* is ruggedly narrative, and yet at the same time there is no neglect for the story's sake of the psychological aspect of the Jewish struggle in an alien land. The study of a Russian Jewish family, the Gombarovs, both before and after their emigration from the East, is not merely intimate; it is written with a stark realism that we might suspect is rather morbidly concentrated upon unless the book be regarded as a whole. The suffering, loneliness, and injustice which are branded on the souls of countless Jewish children for whom the brutal *régime* of the late bureaucracy made existence in their birth-country unbearable are portrayed with great power and a terrible earnestness. Vanya's life in Philadelphia as a newsboy who was awakened by the alarm-clock at half-past two in the morning, winter and summer alike, that he might make a day's earnings by breakfast-time and leave the day

free for his schooling, would be incredible were it not so obviously an experience written down with the blood and tears of the author's own memory. We shall welcome *The Wall*, an outcome of *The Mask*, to be published during the autumn, just as we shall look forward to Mrs. Seymour's second volume.

Mr. Barker's novel is another first book. There is a good deal of invention and only a little less imagination in it, and the story is apparently inspired by the spirit of revolt against every one of our social conventions, from militarism to mysticism. There is much to justify our regard of it as a praiseworthy piece of writing, with its central figure a thoughtful young man who resolves while at Cambridge to "stand by his own soul." He does so to the extent of refusing to acquiesce in the vicious system of marrying and giving in marriage, nor does he stop there. Like Miss Mander, whose *Story of a New Zealand River*, also striking the note of social revolt in its three-cornered love-plot, is valuable mainly for its descriptions of the wild life of a lumber camp, Mr. Barker is a novelist about whom, even if we be not particularly of the polite kind, we say we shall be glad to watch. Nobody, not even the politest of us, could say the same thing about Miss Vera Lovich without perjuring his soul most hopelessly; *Passion's Quest* is a tenth-rate reminiscence of the tenth-rate Miss Elinor Glyn.

Mr. Galsworthy introduces Miss Dorothy Easton in a warm and gracious fashion to the readers who never make the acquaintance of an author until his or her work has been bound up in cloth. There are other readers, of course, who will have followed with pleasure and interest Miss Easton's work in the periodicals—in *The Manchester Guardian* especially. Many of the sketches in her volume, indeed, first appeared in the columns of that newspaper. They possess, not surprisingly, some of the qualities that characterise Mr. Galsworthy's own work, above all a fine, impersonal sympathy. Youth and a keen sense of the freshness and beauty of the countryside make the book a notable experiment in a difficult art; they are great gifts, and Mrs. Carswell, whose striking and unusual novel was chosen to receive a prize of £250, possesses them also. Another point of resemblance between her and Miss Easton is that they have both written for the love of it.

The two final books on our list, those by Miss Hartley and by Miss Macaulay, are rather of a different type. *Anne* deals with rationalism, Roman Catholicism, marital standards and the like, which would seem to put it in a class with several of the books already referred to. But they do not; *Anne* reveals none of the features which in the others called for praise. Miss Macaulay's sparkling story will be thoroughly enjoyed by the anti-Potterites. Who they are, and who are the Potterites, we must leave the reader to guess. We can only divulge that we ourselves are to be numbered whole-heartedly among the former. T. M.

THE HAPPY FOREIGNER. By ENID BAGNOLD. Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

EVERY car-driver and every pedestrian keeps a diary without dates and without works; it runs, the plainsong of the individual

soul, the saga of the ego, a priceless thing which few have the power of putting into words without damage or dissimulation. To the artist who can use this unrecorded material best comes the happiness of stirring the quick part of others. This is Miss Enid Bagnold's best gift, that she gives us no conventionally formalised version, but the heart of things, delightfully edited, of course, for the sake of space and style—her second best gift—and, what is least important, but still fortunate, a background of that torn hem of after-the-war France, with its clearing up and packing up, its dis-illusionments, wearinesses, and courage. The love affair which blossomed quickly and beautifully, like a battlefield wild rose, but did not have strength to survive the great change, is the main thread of this vivid and unusual story of the "happy foreigner" who was so exquisitely naturalised under her uniform if the "nations" had only known. A delightful book, brim full of keenly felt impressions of an interesting world, full of tenderness, courage, and life, and altogether picturesque and poignant.

THE HOUSE IN DORMER FOREST. By MARY WEBB. Hutchinson and Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE Biblical English families, with their dialect, Puritanism, and astonishing insularity, such as Mrs. Webb portrays in her latest book, cannot be said to be arresting, for all families squabble and wrangle, and in all there is a black sheep. In the Darke family the problem is Jasper, who, for all his book-learning, refuses to enter the Church. Across his life there flits a girl who ends in his undoing. He ends under the waters. There is beauty in this book. As a study of life it is well observed, and many will no doubt enjoy the love calvaries of poor Jasper and his kittenish "Cathy," who closed his promising career.

WAR.

THE AUSTRALIAN VICTORIES IN FRANCE IN 1918. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR JOHN MONASH, G.C.M.G., ETC. Hutchinson and Co. 24*s.* net.

THE leader of the Australians sets out in this stirring account to establish the renown of his troops as the *preux chevaliers* of all arms. We grant it. Probably the Australians, *qua* man, *qua* unit, *qua* fighting body, were the finest fighters in the war, and to them and the Canadians Britain owes an unpayable debt. This fact is the more interesting because the officers rose often from the ranks; it was a real democratic Army, and without all experience or tradition. Soldiers know the superb work they did in the spring of 1918—how they stood before Amiens and saved the town; and no man will grudge the General his enthusiasm or claim. He himself is clearly a thoughtful leader and highly dependable man, and if his work is a bit partial, its limitations increase its value as a contribution to a right knowledge of the war. He ought not to stress so much the victories in the summer of 1918 without some reference to the broken *moral* of the enemy, who cracked from behind of hunger. But it is a brave, good story that he tells, and he has the right to tell it with pride and unstinted devotion.

Allah is Great!

AFTER the storm the sun. It is written. What more seeming than adorations of Allah after so long a brooding and torment! Mr. Wells was right, like Voltaire. Invent a God, if there be none, and so in Old Drury there is Allah again, and at the Aldwych Pan replays his age-long flute.

At Drury Lane, the invocation is ocular, as becomes our pantomime stage. Clearly Chu Chin Chow gave a wink. "Give them camels; sand (dust in the eyes), smells, noises, niggers, and sweet white girls mounting Arab steeds"—and plebs will worship. Plebs does worship "The Garden of Allah"! What girl does not know the book of Hichens? To see it on the stage, what joy! "O Allah!" Drury Lane supplies the answer. It is the God we want to believe in, the spectacle is just what our maiden fancies illuminated o'nights. We get—just what we love: a jamboree of colour, noise, sand and the affinities. We flock to see the "dear Arabs"; "they are so lovely," said my pretty neighbour to her fiancé just home from shooting them down in Mesopotamia. And—God is not too difficult. We go to Heaven via the Zoo.

Mr. Somerset Maugham as theologian is on a higher plane. He dares to dare. He actually has managed to get a play staged where God is the central figure. The difference between Hichens and Maugham is temperamental, the one takes Allah for granted, the other grants a doubt. We do some real thinking at the Aldwych, applause is "heated"; controversy is keen; at times factions almost come to blows over the soldier who has lost faith and the girl who jilts him for fervour of belief. It is a new subject for the British stage. It is the first play on the war yet produced. Mr. Maugham apparently "stopped one" at some period in the last six years, for from a humorist he has become a controversialist, and in the middle of his play he strikes at the guts. There is a moment of extraordinary thrill due in great part to the almost macabre cleverness of

Miss Haidee Wright, as the mother who has lost her two sons. "Who (she cries) will forgive God?"

The cloth is nonplussed at this outburst, and no pivotal rejoinder leaps to his lips, adroit and intellectually adept as he is. For Mr. Maugham is quite fair. His clergyman is a good type, one of those sincere spirits with brains, who can talk and wrestle with conscience, indeed, culturally, he is above the rest, who are the ordinary country gentry of the 'chase.

This moment bites. Here we have the close of the play which in its love potions is apt to get a bit sticky, chiefly because the lady in the case is a fanatic belonging rather to the period of Miss Austin than to the regimental "Wac" class of girl who saved Britain in the great war. This girl is a mistake. Bernard Shaw would have portrayed a real modern girl, not a bigot, and so the end ceases to be dramatic, for girls who refuse love merely because their future husband does not feel he can honestly attend Holy Communion are too rare in these gentle times to be convincing. Which seems a pity. For as a play the thing is interesting. Even chocolates are not needed. Love, after all, is not dependent upon a denominational ritual, for love is faith, and that is why the parson at the end gets a round of sympathy for a plucky fight against heavy odds.

The soldier is not quite the lad either. Personally, I should like to see that last act re-written on the basis of love versus belief, with that wonderful little lady as referee. Then—but why continue? The very God is still supreme. As we leave the theatre, we do feel that an evening has been well spent, in communion with the Saints, and at least we have seen one play which deals with life as it is, as the result of the war.

It is a remarkable thing, but the author, through the doctor, like so many modern thinkers, seems to reflect the spirit or spirituality of Mary Baker Eddy, whose God is Love. Infinite goodness in time conquering the Devil or error, so speaks the physician. We have evidently left the infernal regions on the battle-fields. We even seem to have passed beyond the conception of a Deity sitting in an ivory throne, like Juppitia. I am not sure that we are not coming rather to regard this world as perhaps of more moment than the dubious infinities of the next one.

The truth is that the Churches have lost their authority because they have lost their hold on women. It is women who have really shaken the infallibility of belief, not men who are congenitally Voltaire-ians. If we no longer believe that God is all-powerful, that is because women no longer accept Man as supreme master. It is man who has got found out, not God. Allah is as great in the desert as he is in Shoreditch. It depends upon us.

God in a surely commercial world is certainly an infinite conception, and it is a pity the soldier does not allude to this, the cardinal difficulty of modern belief. The little lady who cannot "forgive" God has no illusions left. The illusions, however, remain—with the profiteers who are the "sinews of war, Sir," and the backbone of the Coalition. They did not applaud. Yet they remain to worship. If George died, Tom made money. If Mary lost her husband, Rose married a rich one. If the little lady in Somerset lost her two boys, the fat lady from Islington sat in a box and smiled. Life goes on—belief or no belief.

As the Colonel said: "War brings out the manly qualities," and so said Kaiser Bill. And so we say to the Arabs to-day, despite Hichens and the adoring girls who flock to Drury Lane to live for a few hours in illusion. And don't we need it? In this weather, too! Illusion! Ah! We shall not forgive the man who deprives us of that, for in that case we should not even have faith in Man.

We are getting on. We can now see camels at Drury Lane and strain at a gnat at the Aldwych. S. O.

Only Typewritten Manuscripts will be considered, and although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS

SEPTEMBER ISSUE.

CONTENTS:

The Effect of Taxation on Securities.
ELLIS T. POWELL, LL.B., D.Sc.

Finance and Economics in Italy.
PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

A Straight Talk with Investors.
C. R. STILES, F.S.S., F.R.G.S.

Internationalism in Industry.
SIR CHARLES W. MACARA, BART.

Investment Values and Investment Prices.
"INVESTMENT EXPERT."

The Influence of Art on Commerce.
ARTHUR FINCH.

ALL READERS ARE ENTITLED TO FREE INFORMATION REGARDING INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

A Specimen Copy will be sent free on application.

1/- net.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS
6, Grafton Street, New Bond St., London, W.1.

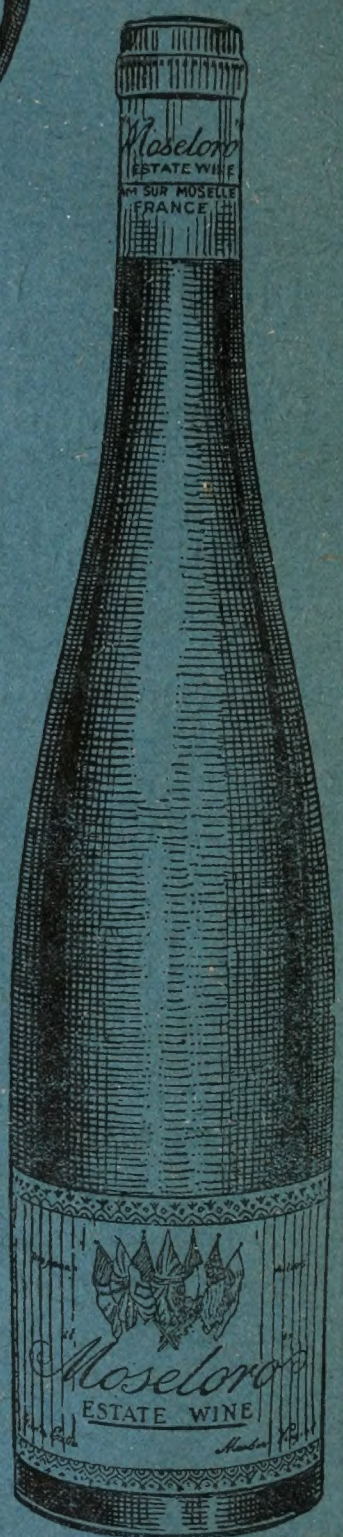
France offers us her finest White Wine, the produce of her choicest vineyards.

Moseloro

ESTATE WINE

Moseloro Estate Wine is a White Still Wine of the Highest Quality—free from acidity and recommended by the Medical Profession for those subject to Gout and Rheumatism.

Superior to German Hocks or Moselles.



Obtainable at all the leading Wine Merchants and all Hotels and Restaurants.

PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1,
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.